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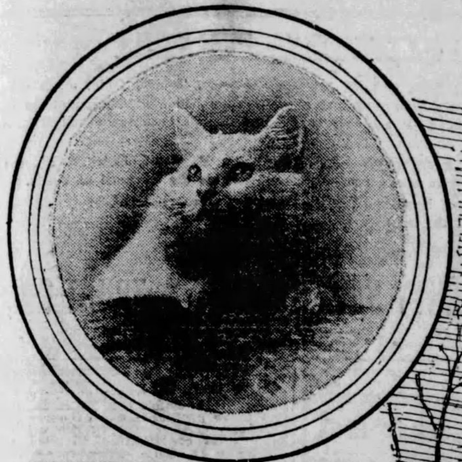
FRANCES WILLARD'S COTTAGE

AS SEEN BY MAC.



FRANCES WILLARD'S ONLY PET

REST COTTAGE & NATIONAL W.C.T.U. HEADQUARTERS, EVANSTON, ILL

When you leave Chicago with its bustle and hustle it does not seem possible that in twenty minutes you will be ushered into a typical New England town. Such is Evanston, with its elms and cosy homes, its many churches and its university buildings and grounds, and its national headquarters of the W. C. T. U.

Even the people seem to lose that tired look which is on the faces of the Chicagoan and take on that peculiar puritanical expression which is the characteristic of the New Englander.

Up through a shady street, where the giant elms nodded to each other across the road, where the squirrels chattered and complained because your coming interfered with their play; where a bluejay objected noisily to you and the chug chug of the automobile. [Really the automobile did seem out of place in such sylvan splendor of trees and birds and flowers.] We were glad to alight at a modest cottage with a sign, "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," swinging before the door. A little colored girl was scrubbing the front hall as we rang the bell, but, evidently her mission in life was to scrub and not to open doors to importunate callers, for she did not look up until after waiting a number of minutes, we asked if any one was at home. "Oh, yes," she answered, and composedly went on scrubbing. Soon after a typical New England woman, straight and slender, with her mouse-colored hair combed primly back from the center parting, and her spare form robed in a black gown, came to the door. The little white ribbon bow pinned on one side of her waist was the first I had seen in many a long year, and it took me back to the time when the Frances Willard movement swept the country and almost every one, man, woman and child, wore that magic bit of decoration which proclaimed a recruit to the army of Temperance.

"May we see Miss Willard's home?" asked one of the party.

"Yes, come in," answered the woman, but the permission was given with the same smileless face that one encounters in the whole New England states. However, we walked in and were immediately ushered into the dining room of Frances Willard. It was a quiet little place with a window which looked out into a back yard filled with trees and flowers. Its furniture was very plain, with the exception of some of the dishes, which had historical value. Table, chairs, and sideboard of the plainest oak, but on the sideboard and in the china closet which was built in the wall were treasures that a collector would almost sell his soul for. Here was a dainty tea set which John B. Gough gave to Miss Willard's mother, and near it a complete set of Spode which had belonged to her great-grandmother. A plate painted by Gen. Grant's sister stood beside some old pewter.

The gifts included so many teacups and saucers that one began to think that Miss Willard's friends were at least determined that she should be able to drink from the cup that cheers but does not inebriate." One beautiful Crown Derby cup and saucer belonged to John Wesley, and, beside it, in a tortoise shell box, was a pair of cornelian earrings which were worn by his mother.

"I did not know," said one of the party, "that John Wesley's mother would allow herself to bow so low to the world, the flesh and the devil as to wear earrings."

"I expect every one wore them then," said the New England lady, who by this time had shed her coldness and much of her rigidness, and was showing us all the treasures the home contained.

In that sentence is the judgment of the world. What everybody does must be right. The poor fool who tries to assert his individuality usually beats out his brains against the stone wall of convention.

Frances Willard must have been a woman to whom her friends were all in all if the silent tokens she left behind her speak for her. Every little gift was treasured, and the rooms where she lived are filled with photographs of those she loved. Almost everywhere you looked you gazed upon the beautiful face of Lady Henry Somerset. One picture shows the great lady in nurse's uniform, just opening the gate of one of her cottages, devoted to philanthropic purposes. On every wall was a picture of her with lovingly inscribed messages.

"Lady Henry always wears that uniform when she visits her cottages for fallen women," said our guide.

"Don't you hate those meaningless words 'fallen women?'" again said the member of the party who insisted upon making remarks. "One never hears the words 'fallen men.' So why should a woman be branded with the word 'fallen,' especially when she is trying to rise again? I have always rebelled against the prisoners who are going to be hung being called 'boys.' You always read where the warden says 'Be brave boys.' The very word boy is an excuse, an intimation that the brutal murderer was not fully aware of what he was doing—he was still a boy in intellect and will—but if a woman makes a mistake, or steps aside from the straight and narrow path, she has no implied excuses. She is branded with the scarlet letter and called a 'fallen woman.'"

Close beside Lady Henry's picture is that of the sister of Miss Willard who died at nineteen, and of whom she wrote the poem "Nineteen Beautiful Years." Mrs. Ballington Booth's angelic face beams from Miss Willard's desk, and Frances Folsom Cleveland signed to an inscription "To my honored friend." It is the Mrs. Cleveland of long ago which looks out of the picture; the face of the girl who as wife and mother and highest lady in the land, has been the ideal of American womanhood.

All over the place where Frances Willard had lived are these memories from the great ones of earth who had loved and honored her. The rooms show conclusively the woman will, one aim, one ambition, who lived simply and gave herself to high thoughts and great actions.

It makes one better to go there, for it takes away much of the unrest of everyday life, and shows how very little is really necessary to make life beautiful if within oneself is the germ which breeds love of humanity and forgetfulness of self.

POLAND TODAY.

Robert Atter, a well-known journalist, who has been stationed in Warsaw for some time, contributes an article to the North American Review, in which he gives a full, particular and vivid description of the situation existing in "Poland Today." In view of the lamentable disturbances which have been occurring in the great cities of that unfortunate country, a special interest attaches to Mr. Atter's article. He thus describes the condition in which Polish artisans live:

"Except as regards the unskilled laborer, the condition of the working classes in the towns is better than that of the peasant. In many trades, the wages earned by skilled artisans are fairly good, and would compare not unfavorably with those paid in England. But the conditions under which even the families of the skilled workmen are forced to live leaves much to be desired. Artisans' dwellings are unknown, rents are high and the accommodation provided is miserable. For a single room only the workman must pay in Warsaw 10 rubles ($5) a month, and, if he wants a kitchen as well, it will cost another four rubles ($2) or so. It can easily be imagined, therefore, that the lot of the common unskilled laborer in Poland is a hard one. He may earn anywhere from 60 to 90 copecks a day (30 to 45 cents), little enough upon which to support a wife and family. Three or four families of this class herd together in one room, in houses where the sanitary conditions are indescribable. When in Lodz, the so-called Manchester of Russia, I was assured that as many as 18 people, adults and children, had been found living in a single rom. That town, with nearly 400,000 inhabitants, has no water supply, each house being dependent upon its own artesian well. Small wonder that under such conditions the rate of infant mortality is terribly high! These people live on a starvation diet, consisting chiefly of very weak tea and bread, with small quantities of fat bacon, herrings, potatoes or cabbage. On Sundays they may have a small piece of meat."

Mysterious Mr. Sabin:

A Story of International Intrigue.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim....

CHAPTER XL.

The way to Pau which Mr. Sabin chose may possibly have been the most circuitous, but it was certainly the safest. Although not a muscle of his face had moved, although he had not by any physical movement or speech betrayed his knowledge of the fact, he was perfectly well aware that his little statement as to his future movements was overheard and carefully noted by the tall, immaculately dressed young man who by some strange chance seemed to have been at his elbow since he had left his rooms an hour ago. "Into the lion's mouth, indeed," he muttered to himself grimly as he hailed a hansom at the corner and was driven homewards. The limes of Berlin were very beautiful, but it was not with any immediate idea of sauntering beneath that a few hours later he was driven to Easton and stepped into an engaged carriage on the Liverpool express. There, with a traveling cap drawn down to his eyes and a rug pulled up to his throat, he sat in the far corner of his compartment apparently enjoying an evening paper—as a matter of fact anxiously watching the platform. He had taken care to allow himself only a slender margin of time. In two minutes the train glided out of the station.

He drew a little sigh of relief—he, who very seldom permitted himself the luxury of even the slightest revelation of his feelings. At least he had a start. Then he unlocked a traveling case, and, drawing out an atlas, sat with it upon his knee for some time. When he closed it there was a frown upon his face.

"America," he exclaimed softly to himself. "What a lack of imagination even the sound of the place seems to denote! It is the most ignominious retreat I have ever made."

"You made the common mistake," a quiet voice at his elbow remarked, "of many of the world's greatest diplomatists. You underrated your adversaries."

Mr. Sabin distinctly started, and clutching at his rug, leaned back in his corner. A young man in a tweed traveling suit was standing by the opposite window. Behind him Mr. Salen noticed for the first time a narrow mahogany door. Mr. Sabin drew a short breath, and was himself again. Underneath the rug his fingers stole into his overcoat pocket and clasped something cold and firm.

"One at least," he said grimly, "I perceive that I have held too lightly. Will you pardon a novice at necromancy if he ask you how you found your way here?"

Felix smiled.

"A little forethought," he remarked, "a little luck and a sovereign tip to an accommodating inspector. The carriage in which you are traveling is, as you will doubtless perceive before you reach your journey's end, a species of saloon. This little door"—touching the one through which he had issued—"leads on to a lavatory, and on the other side is a nonsmoking carriage. I found that you had engaged a carriage on this train, by posing as your servant. I selected this one as being particularly suited to an old gentleman of nervous disposition, and arranged also that the nonsmoking portion should be reserved to me."

Mr. Sabin nodded. "And how," he asked, "did you know that I meant to go to America?"

Felix shrugged his shoulders and took a seat.

"Well," he said, "I concluded that you would be looking for a change of air somewhere, and I really could not see what part of the world you had left open to yourself. America is the only country strong enough to keep you! Besides, I reckoned a little upon that curiosity with regard to undeveloped countries which I have observed you to be one of your traits. So far as I am aware, you have never resided long in America."

"Neither have I ever visited Kamtchatka or Greenland," Mr. Sabin remarked.

"I understand you," Felix remarked, nodding his head. "America is certainly one of the last places one would have dreamed of looking for you. You will find it, I am afraid, politically unborn; your own little methods, at any rate, would scarcely achieve popularity there. Further, its sympathies, of course, are with democratic France. I can imagine that you and the President of the United States would represent opposite poles of thought. Yet there were two considerations which weighed with me."

"This is very interesting," Mr. Sabin remarked. "May I know what they were? To be permitted a glimpse into the inward workings of a brain like yours is indeed a privilege!"

Felix bowed with a gratified smile upon his lips. The satire of Mr. Sabin's dry tone was apparently lost upon him.

"You are most perfectly welcome," he declared. "In the first place I said to myself that Kamchatka and Greenland, although equally interesting to you, would be quite unable to afford themselves the luxury of offering you an asylum. You must seek the shelter of a great and powerful country, and one which you had never offended, and save America, there is none such in the world. Secondly, you are a Sybarite, and you do not without very serious reasons place yourself outside the pale of civilization. Thirdly, America is the only country save those which are barred to you where you could play golf!"

"You are really a remarkable young man," Sabin declared, softly stroking his little grey imperial. "You have read me like a book! I am humiliated that the course of my reasoning should have been so transparent. To prove the correctness of your conclusion, see the little volume which I had brought to read on my way to Liverpool."

He handed it out to Felix. It was entitled, "The Golf Courses of the World," and a leaf was turned down at the chapter headed, "United States."

"I wish," he remarked, "that you were a golfer! I should like to have asked your opinion about that plan of the Myopia golf links. To me it seems cramped, and the bunkers are artificial."

Felix looked at him admiringly.

"You are a wonderful man," he said. "You do not bear me any ill-will, then?"

"None in the least," Mr. Sabin said quietly. "I never bear personal grudges. So far as I am concerned, I never have a personal enemy. It is fate itself which vanquished me. You were simply an instrument. You do not figure in my thoughts as a person against whom I bear any ill-will. I am glad, though, that you did not cash my check for £20,000."

Felix smiled. "You went to see, then?" he asked.

"I took the liberty," Mr. Sabin answered, "of stopping payment of it."

"It will never be presented," Felix said. "I tore it into pieces directly I left you."

Mr. Sabin nodded.

"Quixotic," he murmured.

The express was rushing on through the night. Mr. Sabin thrust his hand into his bag and took out a handful of cigars. He offered one to Felix, who accepted, and lit it with the air of a man enjoying the reasonable civility of a chance fellow passenger.

"You had, I presume," Mr. Sabin remarked, "some object in coming to see the last of me? I do not wish to seem unduly inquisitive, but I feel a little natural interest, or shall we say curiosity as to the reason for this courtesy on your part?"

"You are quite correct," Felix answered. "I am here with a purpose. I am the bearer of a message to you."

"May I ask, a friendly mesage, or otherwise?"

His fingers were tightening upon the little hard substance in his pocket, but he was already beginning to doubt whether after all Felix had come as an enemy.

"Friendly," was the prompt answer. "I bring you an offer."

"From Lobenski?"

"From his august master! The Czar himself has plans for you!"

"His serene Majesty," Mr. Sabin murmured, "has always been most kind."

"Since you left the country of the Shah," Felix continued, "Russian influence in Central Asia has been gradually upon the wane. All manner of means have been employed to conceal this, but the unfortunate fact remains. You were the only man who ever thoroughly grasped the situation and attained any real influence over the master of western Asia! Your removal from Teheran was the result of an intrigue on the part of the English. It was the greatest misfortune which ever befel Russia!"

"And your offer?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"Is that you return to Teheran not as the secret agent, but as the accredited ambassador of Russia, with an absolutely free hand and unlimited powers."

"Such an offer," Mr. Sabin remarked, "ten years ago would have made Russia mistress of all Asia."

"The Czar," Felix said, "is beginning to appreciate that. But what was possible then is possible now!"

Mr. Sabin shook his head. "I am ten years older," he said, "and the Shah who was my friend is dead."

"The new Shah," Felix said, "has a passion for intrigue, and the sands around Teheran are magnificent for golf."

Mr. Sabin shook his head.

"Too hard," he said, "and too monotonous. I am peculiar perhaps in that respect, but I detest artificial bunkers. Now there is a little valley," he continued thoughtfully, "about seven miles north of Teheran, where something might be done! I wonder——"

"You accept," Felix asked quietly.

Mr. Sabin shook his head.

"No, I decline."

It was a shock to Felix, but he hid his disappointment.

"Absolutely?"

"And finally."

"Why?"

"I am ten years too old!"

"That is resentment!"

Mr. Sabin denied it.

"No! Why should I not be frank with you, my friend? What I would have done for Russia ten years ago, I would not do today! She has made friends with the French Republic. She has done more than recognize the existence of that iniquitous institution—she has pressed her friendship upon the president—she has spoken the word of alliance. Henceforth my feeling for Russia has changed. I have no object to gain in her development. I am richer than the richest of her nobles, and there is no title in Europe for which I would exchange my own. You see Russia has absolutely nothing to offer me. On the other hand, what would benefit Russia in Asia would ruin England, and England has given me and many of my kind a shelter, and has even held aloof from France. Of the two countries I would much prefer to aid England. If I had been the means of destroying her Asiatic empire ten years ago it would have been to me today a source of lasting regret. There, my friend, I have paid you the compliment of perfect frankness."

"If," Felix said slowly, "the price of your success at Teheran should be the breach of our covenants with France—what then? Remember that it is the country whose friendship is pleasing to us, not the government. You cannot seriously doubt that an autocrat, such as the Czar, would prefer to extend his hand to an Emperor of France rather than to soil his fingers with the clasp of a tradesman!"

Mr. Sabin shook his head softly. "I have told you why I decline," he said, "but in my heart there are many other reasons. For one, I am no longer a young man. This last failure of mine has aged me. I have no heart for fresh adventures."

Felix sighed.

"My mission to you comes," he said, "at an unfortunate time. "For the present, then, I accept defeat."

"The fault," Mr. Sabin murmured, "is in no way with you. My refusal was a thing predestined. The Czar himself could not move me."

The train was slowing a little. Felix looked out of the window.

"We are nearing Crewe," he said. "I shall alight then and return to London. You are for America, then?"

"Beyond doubt," Mr. Sabin declared.

Felix drew from his pocket a letter.

"If you will deliver this for me," he said, "you will do me a kindness, and you will make a pleasant acquaintance."

Mr. Sabin glanced at the impreseription. It was addressed to—

"Mrs. J. B. Peterson,
"Lenox,
"Mass, U. S. A."

"I will do so with pleasure," he remarked, slipping it into his dressing-case.

"And remember this," Felix remarked, glancing out at the platform along which they were gliding. "You are a marked man. Disguise is useless for you. Be ever on your guard. You and I have been enemies, but after all you are too great a man to fall by the hand of a German assassin. Farewell!"

"I will thank you for your caution and remember it," Mr. Sabin answered. "Farewell!"

Felix raised his hat, and Mr. Sabin returned the salute. The whistle sounded. Felix stepped out on the platform.

"You will not forget the letter?" he asked.

"I will deliver it in person without fail," Mr. Sabin answered.

CHAPTER XLI.

It was their third day out, and Mr. Sabin was enjoying the voyage very much indeed. The Calipha was a small boat sailing to Boston instead of New York, and contemptuously termed by the ocean-going public an old tub. She carried, consequently, only seven passengers besides Mr. Sabin, and it had taken him but a very short time to decide that of those seven passengers not one was interested in him or his affairs. He had got clear away, for the present at any rate, from all the complications and dangers which had followed upon the failure of his great scheme. Of course by this time the news of his departure and destination was known to every one whom his movements concerned. That was almost a matter of course, and realizing even the impossibility of successful concealment, Mr. Sabin had made no attempt at any. He had given the name of Sabin to the steward, and had secured the deck's cabin for his own use. He chatted every day with the captain, who treated him with respect, and in reply to a question from one of the stewards who was a Frenchman, he admitted that he was the Duc de Soupennier, and that he was traveling incognito only as a whim. He was distinctly popular with every one of the seven passengers, who were a little doubtful how to address him, but whom he succeeded always in putting entirely at their ease. He entered, too, freely into the little routine of steamer life. He played shuffleboard for an hour or more every morning, and was absolutely invincible at the game; he brought his golf clubs on deck one evening after dinner, and explained the manner of their use to an admiring little circle of the seven passengers, the captain and doctor. He rigorously supported the pool each day, and he even took a hand at a mild game of poker one wet afternoon, when timidly invited to do so by Mr. Hiram Shedge, an oil merchant of Boston. He had in no way the deportment or manner of a man who had just passed through a great crisis, nor would any one have gathered from his conversation or demanor that he was the head of one of the greatest houses in Europe and a millionaire. The first time a shadow crossed his face was late one afternoon, when, coming on deck a little behind the others after lunch, he found them all leaning over the starboard bow, gazing intently at some object a little distance off, and at the same time became aware that the engines had been put to half-speed.

He was strolling towards the little group, when the captain, seeing him, beckoned him on to the bridge.

"Here's something that will interest you, Mr. Sabin," he called out. "Won't you step this way?"

Mr. Sabin mounted the iron stens carefully but with his eyes turned seawards; a large yacht of elegant shape and painted white from stem to bows was lying to about half a mile off flying signals.

Mr. Sabin reached the bridge and stood by the captain's side.

"A pleasure yacht," he remarked. "What does she want?"

"I shall know in a moment," the captain answered, with his glass to his eye. "She flew a distress signal at first for us to stand by, so I suppose she's in trouble. Ah! there it goes. 'Mainshaft broken,' she says."

"She doesn't lie like it," Mr. Sabin remarked quietly.

The captain looked at him with a smile.

"You know a bit about yachting, too," he said, 'and, to tell you the truth, that's just what I was thinking."

"Holmes."

"Yes, sir."

"Ask her what she wants us to do."

The signalman touched his hat, and the little row of flags ran fluttering up in the breeze.

"She signals herself the Mayflower, private yacht, owner Mr. James Watson of New York," he remarked. "She's a beautiful boat."

Mr. Sabin, who had brought his own glasses, looked at her long and steadily.

"She's not an American built boat, at any rate," he remarked.

An answering signal came fluttering back. The captain opened his book and read it.

"She's going on under canvas," he said, "but she wants us to take her owner and his wife on board."

"Are you compelled to do so?" Mr. Sabin asked.

The captain laughed.

"Not exactly! I'm not expected to pick up passengers in mid-ocean."

"Then I shouldn't do it," Mr. Sabin said. "If they are in a hurry the Alaska is due up today, isn't she? and she'll be in New York in three days, and the Baltimore must be close behind her. I should let them know that."

"Well," the captain answered, "I don't want fresh passengers bothering just now."

The flags were run up, and the replies came back as promptly. The captain shut up his glass with a bang.

"No getting out of them," he remarked to Mr. Sabin. "They reply that the lady is nervous and will not wait; they are coming on board at once—for fear I should go on, I suppose. They add that Mr. Watson is the largest American holder of Cunard stock and a director of the American Board, so have them we must—that's pretty certain. I must see the purser."

He descended, and Mr. Sabin, following him, joined the little group of passengers. They all stood together watching the long rowing boat which was coming swiftly towards them through the smooth sea. Mr. Sabin explained to them the messages which had passed, and together they admired the disabled yacht.

Mr. Sabin touched the first mate on the arm as he passed.

"Did you ever see a vessel like that, Johnson?" he remarked.

The man shook his head.

"Their engineer is a fool, sir!" he declared scornfully. "Nothing but my own eyes would make me believe there's anything serious the matter with her shaft."

"I agree with you," Mr. Sabin said quietly.

The boat was now within hailing distance. Mr. Sabin leaned down over the side and scanned its occupants closely. There was nothing in the least suspicious about them. The man who sat in the stern steering was a typical American, with thin, sallow face and bright eyes. The woman wore a thick veil, but she was evidently young, and when she stood up displayed a figure and clothes distinctly Parisian. The two came up the ladder as though perfectly used to boarding a vessel in mid-ocean, and the lady's nervousness was at least not apparent. The captain advanced to meet them, and gallantly assisted the lady on to the deck.

"This is Captain Ackinson, I presume," the man remarked with extended hand. "We are exceedingly obliged to you, sir, for taking us off. This is my wife, Mrs. James B. Watson."

Mrs. Watson raised her veil, and disclosed a dark, piquant face with wonderfully bright eyes.

"It's real nice of you, Captain," she said frankly. "You don't know how good it is to feel the deck of a real ocean-going steamer beneath your feet after that little sailing boat of my husband's. This is the very last time I attempt to cross the Atlantic except on one of your steamers."

"We are very glad to be of any assistance," the captain answered, more heartily than a few minutes before he would have believed possible. "Full speed ahead, John!"

There was a churning of water and dull throb of machinery restarting. The little rowing boat, already well away on its return journey, rocked on the long waves. Mr. Watson turned to shout some final instructions. Then the captain beckoned to the purser.

"Mr. Wilson will show you your state rooms," he remarked. "Fortunately we have plenty of room. Steward, take the baggage down."

The lady went below, but Mr. Watson remained on deck talking to the captain. Mr. Sabin strolled up to them.

"Your yacht rides remarkably well. If her shaft is really broken," he remarked, Mr. Watson nodded.

"She's a beautifully built boat," he remarked with enthusiasm. "If the weather is favorable her canvas will bring her into Boston Harbor two days after us."

"I suppose," the captain asked, looking at her through his glass, "you satisfied yourself that her shaft was really broken?"

"I did not, sir," Mr. Watson answered. "My engineer reported it so, and, as I know nothing of machinery myself, I was content to take his word. He holds very fine diplomas, and I presume he knows what he is talking about. But anyway Mrs. Watson would never have stayed upon that boat one moment longer than she was compelled. She's a wonderfully nervous woman is Mrs. Watson."

"That's a somewhat unusual trait for your countrywoman, is it not?" Mr. Sabin asked.

Mr. J. B. Watson looked steadily at his questioner.

"My wife, sir," he said, "has lived for many years on the Continent. She would scarcely consider herself an American."

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Sabin remarked courteously. "One can see at least that she has acquired the polish of the only habitable country in the world. But if I had taken the liberty of guessing at her nationality, I should have taken her to be a German.

Mr. Watson raised his eyebrows, and somehow managed to drop the match he was raising to his cigar.

"You astonish me very much, sir," he remarked. "I always looked upon the fair, rotund woman as the typical German face."

Mr. Sabin shook his head gently.

"There are many types," he said, "and rationality, you know, does not always go by complexion or size. For instance, you are very like many American gentlemen whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, but at the same time I should not have taken you for an American."

The captain laughed.

"I can't agree with you, Mr. Sabin," he said. "Mr. Watson appears to me to be, if he will pardon my saying so, the very type of the modern American man."

"I'm much obliged to you, Captain," Mr. Watson said cheerfully. "I'm a Boston man, that's sure, and I believe, sir, I'm proud of it. I want to know for what nationality you would have taken me if you had not been informed?"

"I should have looked for you also," Mr. Sabin said deliberately, "in the streets of Berlin."

CHAPTER XLII.

At dinner time Mrs. Watson appeared in a very dainty toilette of black and white, and was installed at the captain's right hand. She was introduced at once to Mr. Sabin, and proceeded to make herself a very agreeable companion.

"Why, I call this prefectly delightful!" was almost her first exclamation, after a swift glance at Mr. Sabin's quiet but irreproachable dinner attire. "You can't imagine how pleased I am to find myself once more in civilized society. I was never so dull in my life as on that poky little yacht."

"Poky little yacht, indeed!" Mr. Watson interrupted, with a note of annoyance in his tone. "The Mayflower anyway cost me pretty well up to two hundred thousand dollars, and she's nearly the largest pleasure yacht afloat."

"I don't care if she cost you a million dollars," Mrs. Watson answered pettishly. "I never want to sail on her again. I prefer this infinitely."

She laughed at Captain Ackinson, and her husband continued his dinner in silence. Mr. Sabin made a mental note of two things—first, that Mr. Watson did not treat his wife with that consideration which is supposed to be distinctive of American husbands, and secondly, that he drank a good deal of wine without becoming even a shade more amiable. His wife somewhat pointedly drank water, and turning her right shoulder upon her husband, devoted herself to the entertainment of her two companions. At the conclusion of the meal the captain was her abject slave, and Mr. Sabin was quite willing to admit that Mrs. J. B. Watson, whatever her nationality might be, was a very charming woman.

After dinner Mr. Sabin went to his lower state room for an overcoat, and whilst feeling for some cigars, heard voices in the adjoining room, which had been empty up to now.

"Won't you come and walk with me, James?" he heard Mrs. Watson say. "It is such a nice evening, and I want to go on deck."

"You can go without me, then," was the gruff answer. "I'm going to have a cigar in the smoke room."

"You can smoke," she reminded him. "on deck."

"Thanks," he replied, "but I don't care to give my Laranagas to the winds. You would come here, and you must do the best you can. You can't expect to have me dangling after you all the time."

There was a silence, and then the sound of Mr. Watson's heavy tread, as he left the stateroom, followed in a moment or two by the light footsteps and

John Brown's Son, Living at Akron, Tells the Family's History

Akron, O., July 18.—Fighting with his father, John Brown, and justifying him in his "massacre" of pro-slavery men in the Kansas border warfare, saved from being hanged by a southern sympathizer and refusing afterwards to engage with his father in the Harper's Ferry episode because of a relenting heart, such is in brief the history of Jason Brown, the second son of "the hero of Osawatomie," as regards the slavery question.

Despite his years, 82 in number, Jason Brown is still able to work nearly all day, and when seen by a newspaper man a few days ago at his son's home here had hoed a number of rows of potatoes across a ten rod field. "If I couldn't work, I wouldn't be long for this shore," he said. He and one other brother, Salmon, living in Salem, Oregon, are the only surviving sons of John Brown, the forerunner of negro freedom. Four daughters live in California. Nearly all of the other sons—there were eleven children—lost their lives as their father did.

It is a thrilling story of his life that Jason Brown tells. His father had gone from Akron to Essex county, N. Y., to be with negro slaves that had been befriended when in the spring of 1856 his six sons, Jason included sent word to him to come to Osawatomie, Kan., because their lives were in danger on account of the pro-slavery men.

"We were eating dinner one day, when eight or ten men under the leadership of Rev. Andrew White, a Methodist preacher, marched up to our tents and demanded to know how we stood on the 'goose' question, meaning slavery," narrated Jason Brown.

"We didn't hesitate. 'We're free state men; not only that, but we're abolitionists!' we told them. The men, who pretended to be settlers, were armed to the teeth, but had their weapons hid. They did not molest us, but from that time on we were marked.

"Then we concluded to send for father, and told him to bring some arms. We had only two squirrel rifles with us. He stopped at Akron, and got arms here, and reached us in the spring of 1856, having been appointed a surveyor by President Pierce. By the time he arrived matters were getting serious. He was made captain of a company and my brother of another. I was in my brother's company.

"One night a company of Georgians, pretending to be searching for a suitable spot to settle, crossed the river four miles below our place. 'We're going to kill every one of the damned Browns,' was their word, we learned, and father was pleased to hear that, for it showed that they knew how he stood. Soon father realized that something must be done to save us from extermination, and with three sons and one son-in-law he went out one night, May 22, 1856, crossed to the camp of the new Georgians, and killed five of the men without warning, using short artillery swords. I was not with father. This was called the massacre of Osawatomie. When I heard of it from a man who rode to us on a foaming horse I was horrified. I thought that it was a terrible thing, but I am convinced now that my father did right in committing what seemed like a butchery, for I believe that it prevented many a battle and loss of life later. My father's argument was that they would kill us and destroy our house, and we must show them that there were two sides to the question. I believe that father's act that night did more to make Kansas a free soil state than anything else. Imagine what a hatred sprang up against us when we were discovered to be the perpetrators of this killing.

"I always counted myself the biggest coward of the Brown family, and I asked for the protection of United States troops after that. I learned that the pro-slavery men had a list of persons whose lives they sought, and among them were mine, those of my father and brothers, and of Ottawa John, an avowed abolitionist and educated Indian.

"One morning I crossed the river and was bound for Ottawa John's house, when in the early sunlight I beheld a squad of 15 or 16 men ahead some distance going at right angles to my path. I knew that they were enemies, but they could see me, and I dared not run. Andrew White led them, too, and I went straight ahead towards them. Martin, when he saw me, exclaimed: 'You're one of the men we're looking for. I know you; you're one of them abolitionists. I know your father. Got any arms or money?'

"I gave up what little money I had and my revolver, and was ordered to walk ahead in front of the horses. I expected to get a bullet in my back any time, because they made repeated threats. I obeyed every order, and walked ahead not so much from courage as fear of torture. Pretty soon I turned my face towards my tormentors and said: 'I'm a free state man. I'm what you call an abolitionist. I've never knowingly wronged a human being in my life. If you want to take my blood, here's a mark for you. Shoot,' throwing back my coat.

"At that three-fourths of the men dropped their guns, and I walked backwards for 30 feet until White said: 'We won't kill you now; we shall hold you prisoner. We hold every man a scoundrel until he is proven honest.'

"For four miles they drove me ahead of them, one man in particular threatening my life repeatedly by aiming every time I turned. When we stopped it was at a village, and about 100 men gathered about me. One man brandished his long bowie knife about my head until I cried at him: 'Do you see anything bad about me?'

"'I don't see anything good in ye,' he scornfully replied, and walked away.

"I was then carried nine miles farther, bound to a horse, and the fever which had bothered me all spring seized me anew. The party stopped finally and made preparations to hang me. One man, a leader, mounted a stump, and swinging a hemp rope, sang: 'Swing him up; swing him up; swing up the damned abolitionist scoundrel.' I expected to be hanged at once, and the rope was already coiled for the deed, when one of three men who had been standing at the edge of the crowd came to me. With him was a boy who had a note he had brought to White. It was from my father, and the man handed it to White.

"'I hear that you hold my two sons prisoners,' the paper began.

"'Whose writing is that?' the stranger inquired of me, showing me the paper.

"'My father's,' I replied.

"'Is old John Brown your father?' he inquired of me. I replied that he was, and then the man withdrew and, going to the edge of the crowd, made a speech to the assembled men. He persuaded them not to hang me at once, and told me that he would take me to his home, and keep me a prisoner there. I went with him, and I never could have been treated better. Moreover, he cured me of the ague, and eventually I was released. That man who saved my life was Judge Jacobs, who had come from Lexington, Ky. The crowd were Kentuckians. Jacobs returned to Lexington, and entered the Confederate army as a colonel.

"From that time on I buried all of my hateful feeling towards those people. It made something of a southerner of me, and I made a promise that the first southerner that I found in trouble I would help him if I could. Just before the battle of Osawatomie I had an opportunity when I nursed a man named Kline, who had a leg shot off. If you can imagine a corpse shedding tears that was he when I told him who I was. 'I thought that all of the Browns were savages,' he said. And I had thought that all of the pro-slavery men were heathen, too, but I changed my mind. We hear a great deal about the cruelties of those times, but little about the kindnesses. I owe my life to the kindness of a southerner, and his act changed my whole life towards the south.

"But not so my father. After the battle of Osawatomie August 30, 1856, he said to us: 'God sees it. There'll be no more peace in the United States until the cause of this tronble is settled. I've only a short time to live and only one death to die, and I will die fighting slavery. I would carry this war right into the south.'

"That was the cause of father beginning the struggle at once. He prepared with great care for the attack on Harper's Ferry. But his plan failed through the treason of his drillmaster, I have forgotten his name. He was mad because he did not get his pay as often as he thought he ought to, and wrote to Secretary of War Floyd about it. This was after father and his party had gone to Chambersburg, Pa., but Floyd paid no attention to the letter. Father learned of it, however, and had to strike his blow three days before he was ready. Thousands of slaves had escaped from Harper's Ferry and vicinity, but they had not been properly prepared.

"Father came to Akron from Kansas, and made some preparation here for his great work. I saw him last at Copley, two miles west of here. He asked me to join him, but I had to refuse. I had seen enough of war. I did enlist for the civil war, however, but was rejected on account of a physical disability. I was later drafted, and was again rejected.

"But father went as the pioneer, and was hanged. With him three of his sons and six other men were shot at Charlestown, Va. I lost another brother, Frederick, in the border warfare. He was the fifth son, and was shot down by Rev. Martin White, the Kansas nemesis of our family, on August 30, 1856. 'I met him in the road, shot him, and he toppled over dead,' is the way White boasted of killing Fred when he served in the 'bogus' Kansas legislature, made up of Missourians that they imported into the state.

"It is only for one reason that I am willing to recite this terrible tale. I want the world to know that I hold no hatred toward the south. I believe that the people of the north were as much to blame for the long continuance of slavery and for the war that followed as the people of the south. The people of the old slave states of the north, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Delaware, excepting the Friend Quakers, sold their slaves to the people of Tennessee and Kentucky, when slavery was no longer profitable and pocketed the money. They forgot that they were once slave holders themselves. We, too, in the north sold our brother Joseph into Egypt and took the twenty pieces of silver."

Son of John Brown, Whose "Soul Is Marching On."

Strange words for the son of old John Brown, but he spoke them as truly as the sun shines.

Jason Brown was born in Hudson, O., January, 1823. His father lived there at the time, later went to Crawford county, Pa., built a tannery, then returned, and built a tannery at Kent for Zenas Kent. It was standing until quite recently, if it is not standing yet. John Brown purchased the Haymaker property in Kent, where the Erie railroad shops now stand. He returned to Hudson, and owned a farm there and another at Twinsburg. Later he came to Akron, entered into a disastrous wool transaction, and moved to Essex county, N. Y. From there he answered his sons' call to go to Kansas. The house that he lived in here from 1844 to 1848 is now used as a clubhouse for the Portage Golf club, while the mansion he occupied after returning from Kansas before embarking on the Harper's Ferry enterprise also still stands west of the city.

Jason Brown, after his return from Kansas, was engineer in the mills of the oatmill king, Ferdinand Schumacher, for seven years, then went to California, and spent 20 years, part of the time opening up a road through the redwood district, for which he was given a farm. His son importuned him to return to Ohio a year ago, and he works every day on a farm a mile west of the city. He claims now to be very poor. He is a famous swimmer.

soft rustle of silk skirts, which indicated the departure also of his wife.

Mr. Sabin carefully enveloped himself in an ulster, and stood for a moment or two wondering whether that conversation was meant to be overheard or not. He rang the bell for the steward.

The man appeared almost immediately. Mr. Sabin had known how to ensure prompt service.

"Was it my fancy, John? or did I hear voices in the stateroom opposite?" Mr. Sabin asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Watson have taken it, sir," the man answered.

Mr. Sabin appeared annoyed.

"You know that some of my clothes are hung up there," he remarked, and I have been using it as a dressing-room. There are heaps of state-rooms vacant. Surely you could have found them another?"

"I did my best, sir, the man answered, "but they seemed to take a particular fancy to that one. I couldn't get them off it nohow."

"Did they know," Mr. Sabin asked carelessly "that the room opposite was occupied?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered. "I told them that you were in number twelve, and that you used this as a dressing-room, but they wouldn't shift. It was very foolish of them, too, for they wanted two, one each; and they could just as well have had them together."

"Just as well," Mr. Sabin remarked quietly. "Thank you, John. Don't let them know I have spoken to you about it."

"Certainly not, sir."

Mr. Sabin walked upon deck. As he passed the smokeroom he saw Mr. Watson stretched upon a sofa with a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Sabin smiled to himself, and passed on.

The evening promenade on deck after dinner was quite a social event on board the Calipha. As a rule the captain and Mr. Sabin strolled together, none of the other passengers, notwithstanding Mr. Sabin's courtesy towards them, having yet attempted in any way to thrust their society upon him. But tonight, as he had half expected, the captain had already a companion. Mrs. Watson, with a very becoming wrap around her head, and a cigarette in her mouth, was walking by his side, chatting gaily most of the time, but listening also with an air of absorbed interest to the personal experiences which her questions provoked. Every now and then, as they passed Mr. Sabin, sometimes walking, sometimes gazing with an absorbed air at the distant chaos of sea and sky, she flashed a glance of invitation upon him, which he as often ignored. Once she half stopped and asked him some slight question, but he answered it briefly standing on one side, and the captain hurried her on. It was a stroke of ill-fortune, he thought to himself, the coming of these two people. He had had a clear start and a fair field; now he was suddenly face to face with a danger, the full extent of which it was hard to estimate. For he could scarcely doubt that their coming was on his account. They had played their parts well, but they were secret agents of the German police. He smoked his cigar leisurely, the object every few minutes of many side glances and covert smiles from the delicately attired little lady, whose silken skirts daintily raised from the ground, brushed against him every few minutes as she and her companion passed and repassed. What was their plan of action? he wondered. If it was simply to be assassination, why so elaborate an artifice? and what worse place in the world could there be for anything of the sort than the narrow confines of a small steamer? No, there was evidently something more complex on hand. Was the woman brought as a decoy? he wondered: did they really imagine him capable of being dazzled or fascinated by any woman on earth? He smiled softly at the thought, and the sight of that smile lingering upon his lips brought her to a standstill. He heard suddenly the swish of her skirt, and her soft voice in his ear. Lower down the deck the captain's broad shoulders were disappearing, as he passed on the way to the engineers' room for his nightly visit of inspection.

"You have not made a single effort to rescue me," she said reproachfully; "you are most unkind."

Mr. Sabin lifted his cap, and removed the cigar from his teeth.

"My dear lady," he said, 'I have been suffering the pangs of the neglected, but how dared I break in upon so confidential a tete-a-tete?"

"You have little of the courage of your nation, then," she answered laughing, "for I gave you many opportunities. But you have been engrossed with your thoughts, and they succeeded at least where I failed—you were distinctly smiling when I came upon you."

"It was a premonition," he began, but she raised a little white hand, flashing with rings, to his lips, and he was silent.

"Please don't think it necessary to talk nonsense to me all the time," she begged. "Come! I am tired—I want to sit down. Don't you want to take a chair down by the side of the boat there? I like to watch the lights on the water, and you may talk to me—if you like."

"Your husband," he remarked a moment or two later, as he arranged her cushions, "does not care for the evening air."

"It is sufficient for him," she answered quietly, "that I prefer it. He will not leave the smoking room until the lights are put out."

"In an ordinary way," he remarked, "that must be dull for you."

"In an ordinary way, and every way," she answered in a low tone, "I am always dull. But after all, I must not weary a stranger with my woes. Tell me about yourself Mr. Sabin. Are you going to America on pleasure, or have you business there?"

A faint smile flickered across Mr. Sabin's face. He watched the white ash trembling upon his cigar for a moment before he spoke.

"I can scarcely be said to be going to America on pleasure," he answered, "nor have I any business there. Let us agree that I am going because it is the one country in the world of any importance which I have never visited."

"You have been a great traveler, then," she murmured, looking up at him with innocent, wide-open eyes. "You look as though you have been everywhere. Won't you tell me about some of the odd places you have visited?"

"With pleasure," he answered; "but first won't you gratify a natural and very specific curiosity of mine? I am going to a country which I have never visited before. Tell me a little about it. Let us talk about America."

She stole a sudden, swift glance at her questioner. No, he did not appear to be watching her. His eyes were fixed idly upon the sheet of phosphorescent light which glittered in the steamer's track. Nevertheless, she was a little uneasy.

"America," she said, after a moment's pause, "is the one country I detest. We are only there very seldom—when Mr. Watson's business demands it. You could not seek for information from any one worse informed than I am."

"How strange," he said softly. "You are the first unpatriotic American I have ever met."

"You should be thankful," she remarked, "that I am an exception. Isn't it pleasant to meet people who are different from other people?"

"In the present case it is delightful!"

"I wonder," she said reflectively, "in which school you studied my sex, and from what particular woman you learned the art of making those little speeches?"

"I can assure you that I am a novice," he declared.

"Then you have a wonderful future before you. You will make a courtier, Mr. Sabin."

"I shall be happy to be the humblest of attendants in the court where you are queen."

"Such proficiency," she murmured, "is the hall mark of insincerity. You are not a man to be trusted, Mr. Sabin."

"Try me," he begged.

"I will! I will tell you a secret."

"I will lock it in the furthest chamber of my inner consciousness."

"I am going to America for a purpose."

"Wonderful woman," he murmured, "to have a purpose."

"I am going to get a divorce!"

Mr. Sabin was suddenly thoughtful.

"I have always understood," he said, "that the marriage laws of America are convenient."

"They are humane. They make me thankful that I am an American."

Mr. Sabin inclined his head slightly towards the smoking-room.

"Does your unfortunate husband know?"

"He does; and he acquiesces. He has no alternative. But is that quite nice of you, Mr. Sabin, to call my husband an unfortunate man?"

"I cannot conceive," he said slowly, "greater misery than to have possessed and lost you."

She laughed gaily. Mr. Sabin permitted himself to admire that laugh. It was like the tinkling of a silver bell, and her teeth were perfect.

"You are incorrigible," she said. "I believe that if I would let you, you would make love to me."

"If I thought," he answered, "that you would never allow me to make love to you, I should feel like following this cigar." He threw it into the sea.

She sighed, and tapped her little French heel upon the deck.

"What a pity that you are like all other men."

"I will say nothing so unkind of you," he remarked. "You are unlike any other woman whom I ever met."

They listened together to the bells sounding from the quarter deck. It was eleven o'clock. The deck behind them was deserted, and a fine drizzling rain was beginning to fall. Mrs. Watson removed the rug from her knees regretfully.

"I must go," she said; "do you hear how late it is?"

"You will tell me all about America," he said, rising and drawing back her chair, "tomorrow?"

"If we can find nothing more interesting to talk about," she said, looking up at him with a sparkle in her dark eyes. "Good-night."

Her hand, very small and white, and very soft, lingered in his. At that moment an unpleasant voice sounded in their ears.

"Do you know the time, Violet? The lights are out all over the ship. I don't understand what you are doing on deck."

Mr. Watson was not pleasant to look upon. His eyes were puffy, and swollen, and he was not quite steady upon his feet. His wife looked at him in cold displeasure.

"The lights are out in the smoke-room, I suppose," she said, "or we should not have the pleasure of seeing you. Good-night, Mr. Sabin! Thank you so much for looking after me."

Mr. Sabin bowed and walked slowly away, lighting a fresh cigarette. If it was acting, it was very admirably done.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The habit of early rising was one which Mr. Sabin had never cultivated, and breakfast was a meal which he abhorred. It was not until nearly midday on the following morning that he appeared on deck, and he had scarcely exchanged his customary greeting with the captain, before he was joined by Mr. Watson, who had obviously been on the lookout for him.

"I want, sir," the latter commenced, "to apologize to you for my conduct last night."

Mr. Sabin looked at him keenly.

"There is no necessity for anything of the sort," he said. "If an apology is owing at all, it is, I think, to your wife."

Mr. Watson shook his head vigorously.

"No, sir," he declared. "I am ashamed to say that I am not very clear as to the actual expressions I made, but Mrs. Watson has assured me that my behavior to you was discourteous in the extreme."

"I hope you will think no more of it. I had quite forgotten it," Mr. Sabin said, "forgotten the circumstance. It is not of the slightest consequence."

"You are very good," Mr. Watson said softly.

"I had the pleasure," Mr. Sabin remarked, "of an interesting conversation with your wife last night. You are a very fortunate man."

"I think so indeed, sir," Mr. Watson replied modestly.

"American women," Mr. Sabin continued, looking meditatively out to sea, "are very fascinating."

"I have always found them so," Mr. Watson agreed.

"Mrs. Watson," Mr. Sabin said, "told me so much that was interesting about your wonderful country that I am looking forward to my visit more than ever."

Mr. Watson darted a keen glance at his companion. He was suddenly on his guard. For the first time he realized something of the resources of this man with whom he had to deal.

"My wife," he said, "knows very little of her native country; she has lived nearly all her life abroad."

"So I perceived," Mr. Watson answered. "Shall we sit down a moment, Mr. Watson? One wearies so of this incessant promenading, and there is a little matter which I fancy that you and I might discuss with advantage."

Mr. Watson obeyed in silence. This was a wonderful man with whom he had to deal. Already he felt that all the elaborate precautions of his coming had been wasted. He might be Mr. James B. Watson, the New York yacht owner and millionaire, to the captain and his seven passengers, but he was nothing of the sort to Mr. Sabin. He shrugged his shoulders, and followed him to a seat. After all silence was a safe card.

"I'm going," Mr. Sabin said, "to be very frank with you. I know, of course, who you are."

Mr. Watson shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you?" he remarked dryly.

"Certainly," he answered, "you are Mr. James B. Watson, of New York, and the lady with you is your wife. Now I want to tell you a little about myself."

"Most interested, I'm sure," Mr. Watson murmured.

"My real name," Mr. Sabin said, turning a little as though to face his companion, "is Victor Duc de Souspennier. It suits me at present to travel under the name by which I was known in England and by which you are in the habit of addressing me. Mr. Watson, I'm leaving England because a certain scheme of mine, which, if successful, would have revolutionized the whole face of Europe, has by a most unfortunate chance become a failure. I have incurred thereby the resentment, perhaps I should say the just resentment, of a great nation. I am on my way to the country where I concluded I should be safest against those means of, shall I say, retribution, or vengeance, which will assuredly be used against me. Now what I want to say to you, Mr. Watson, is this—I am a rich man, and I value my life at a great deal of money. I wonder if by any chance you understand me."

Mr. Watson smiled.

"I am curious to know," he said softly, "at what price you value yourself."

"My account in New York," Mr. Sabin said quietly, "is, I believe, something like ten thousand pounds."

"Fifty thousand dollars," Mr. Watson remarked, "is a nice little sum for one, but an awkward amount to divide."

Mr. Sabin lit a cigarette and breathed more freely. He began to see his way.

"I forgot the lady," he murmured. "The expense of cabling is not great. For the sake of argument, let us say twenty thousand."

Mr. Watson rose.

"So far as I'm concerned," he said, "it is a satisfactory sum. Forgive me if I leave you for a few minutes. I must have a little talk with Mrs. Watson."

Mr. Sabin nodded.

"We will have a cigar together after lunch," he said. "I must have my morning game of shuffleboard with the captain."

Mr. Watson went below, and Mr. Sabin played shuffleboard with his usual deadly skill.

A slight mist had settled around them by the time the game was over, and the fog horn was blowing, the captain went on the bridge, and the engines were checked to half speed.

Mr. Sabin leaned over the side of the vessel, and gazed thoughtfully into the dense white vapor.

"I think," he said softly to himself, "that after all I'm safe."

There was perfect silence on the ship. Even the luncheon gong had not sounded, the passengers having been summoned in a whisper by the deck steward. The fog seemed to be getting denser and the sea was like glass. Suddenly there was a little commotion aft, and the captain leaning forward shouted some brief orders. The fog-horn emitted a series of spasmodic and hideous shrills, and beyond a slight drifting the steamer was almost motionless.

Mr. Sabin understood at once that somewhere, it might be close at hand, or it might be a mile away, the presence of another steamer had been detected.

The same almost ghostlike stillness continued, orders were passed backward and forward in whispers. The men walked backward and forward on tiptoe. And then suddenly, without any warning, they passed out into the clear air, the mist rolled away, the sun shone down upon them again, and the decks dried as though by magic. Cheerful voices broke in upon the chill and unnatural silence. The machinery recommenced to throb, and the passengers who had finished lunch went upon deck. Every one was attracted at once by the sight of a large white steamer about a mile on the starboard side.

Mr. Watson joined the captain, who was examining her through his glass.

"Man-of-war, isn't she?" he inquired. The captain nodded.

"Not much doubt about that," he answered; "look at her guns. The odd part of it is, too, she is flying no flag. We shall know who she is in a minute or two, though."

Mr. Sabin descended the steps on his way to a late luncheon. As he turned the corner he came face to face with Mr. Watson, whose eyes were fixed upon the coming steamer with a very curious expression.

"Man-of-war," Mr. Sabin remarked. "You look as though you had seen her before."

Mr. Watson laughed harshly.

"I should like to see her," he remarked, "at the bottom of the sea."

Mr. Sabin looked at him in surprise.

"You know her, then?" he remarked.

"I know her," Mr. Watson answered, "too well. She is the Kaiser Wilhelm, and she is going to rob me of twenty thousand pounds."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Sabin ate his luncheon with unimpaired appetite and with his usual care that everything of which he partook should be so far as possible of the best. The close presence of the German man-of-war did not greatly alarm him. He had some knowledge of the laws and courtesies of maritime life, and he could not conceive by what means short of actual force he could be inveigled on board of her. Mr. Watson's last words had been a little disquieting, but he probably held an exaggerated opinion as to the powers possessed by his employers. Mr. Sabin had been in many tighter places than this, and he had sufficient belief in the country of his recent adoption to congratulate himself that it was an English boat on which he was a passenger. He proceeded to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Watson, who, in a charming costume of blue and white, and a fascinating little hat, had just come on to luncheon.

"I have been talking" he remarked, after a brief pause in their conversation, "to your husband this morning."

She looked up at him with a meaning smile upon her face.

"So he has been telling me."

"I hope," Mr. Sabin continued gently, "that your advice to him—I take it for granted that he comes to you for advice—was in my favor."

"It was very much in your favor," she answered, leaning across toward him. "I think that you knew it would be."

"I hoped at least——"

Mr. Sabin broke off suddenly in the midst of his sentence, and turning round looked out of the open port hole. Mrs. Watson had dropped her knife and fork and was holding her hands to her ears. The saloon itself seemed to be shaken by the booming of a gun fired at close quarters.

"What is it?" she exclaimed, looking across at him with frightened eyes. "What can have happened! England is not at war with anybody is she?"

Mr. Sabin looked up with a quiet smile from the salad which he was mixing.

"It is simply a signal from another ship," he answered. "She wants us to stop."

"What ship? Do you know anything about it? Dou you know what they want?"

"Not exactly," Mr. Sabin said. "At the same time I have some idea. The ship who fired that signal is a German man-of-war, and you see we are stopping."

Of the two Mrs. Watson was certainly the most nervous. Her fingers shook so that the wine in her glass was spilt. She set her glass down and looked across at her companion.

"They will take you away," she murmured.

"I think not," Mr. Sabin answered. "I am inclined to think that I am prefectly safe. Will you try some of my salad?"

A look of admiration flashed for a moment across her face.

"You are a wonderful man," she said softly. "No salad, thanks! I am too nervous to eat. Let us go on deck!"

Mr. Sabin rose, and carefully selected a cigarette.

"I can assure you," he said, "that they are powerless to do anything except attempt to frighten Captain Ackinson. Of course they might succeed in that, but I don't think it is likely. Let us go and hear what he has to say."

Captain Ackinson was standing alone on the deck, watching the man-of-war's boat which was being rapidly pulled toward the Calipha. He was obviously in a bad temper. There was a black frown upon his forehead which did not altogether disappear when he turned his head and saw them approaching.

"Are we arrested, captain?" Mr. Sabin asked. "Why couldn't they signal what they wanted?"

"Because they're blistering idiots," Captain Ackinson answered. "They blither me to stop, and I signaled back to ask their reason, and I'm dashed if they didn't put a shot across my bow. As if I hadn't lost enough time already without fooling."

"Thanks to us, I am afraid, captain," Mrs. Watson put in.

"Well, I'm not regretting that, Mrs. Watson," the captain answered gallantly. "We got something for stopping there, but we shall get nothing decent from these confounded Germans, I am very sure. By the bye, can you speak their lingo, Mr. Sabin?"

"Yes," Mr. Sabin answered, "I can speak German. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"You might stay with me if you will," Captain Ackinson answered, "in case they don't speak English."

Mr. Sabin remained by the captain's side, standing with his hands behind him. Mrs. Watson leaned over the rail close at hand, watching the approaching boat, and exchanging remarks with the doctor. In a few minutes the boat was alongside, and an officer in the uniform of the German navy rose and made a stiff salute.

"Are you the captain?" he inquired, in stiff but correct English.

The captain returned his salute.

"I am Captain Ackinson, Cunard ss. Calipha," he answered. "What do you want with me?"

"I am Captain Von Dronesein, in command of the Kaiser Wilhelm, German navy," was the reply. "I want a word or two with you in private, Captain Ackinson. Can I come on board?"

Captain Ackinson's reply was not gushing. He gave the necessary orders, however, and in a few moments Captain Von Dronestein, and a thin, dark man in the dress of a civilian, clambered to the deck. They looked at Mr. Sabin, standing by the captain's side, and exchanged glances of intelligence.

"If you will kindly permit us, captain," the newcomer said, "we should like to speak with you in private. The matter is one of great importance."

Mr. Sabin discreetly retired. The captain turned on his heel and led the way to his cabin. He pointed briefly to the lounge against the wall and remained himself standing.

"Now, gentlemen, if you please," he said briskly, "to business. You have stopped a mail steamer in mid ocean by force, so I presume you have something of importance to say. Please say it, and let me go on. I am behind time now."

The German held up his hands. "We have stopped you," he said, "it is true, but not by force. No! No!"

"I don't know what else you call it when you show me a bounding thirty guns and put a shot across my bows."

"It was a blank charge," the German began, but Captain Ackinson interrupted him.

"It was nothing of the sort!" he declared bluntly. "I was on deck and I saw the charge strike the water."

"It was then contrary to my orders." Captain Dronestein declared, "and in any case it was not intended for intimidation."

"Never mind what it was intended for. I have my own opinion about that," Captain Ackinson remarked impatiently. "Proceed if you please."

"In the first place permit me to introduce the Baron Von Graisheim, who is attached to the ministry for foreign affairs at Berlin."

Captain Ackinson's acknowledgment of the introduction was barely civil. The German continued—

"I am afraid you will not consider my errand here a particularly pleasant one, Herr captain. I have a warrant here for the arrest of one of your passengers, whom I have to ask you to hand over to me."

"A what!" Captain Ackinson exclaimed, with a spot of deep color stealing through the tan of his cheeks.

"A warrant," Dronestein continued, drawing an imposing looking document from his breast pocket. "If you will examine it you will perceive that it is in perfect order. It bears, in fact," he continued, pointing with reverential forefinger to a signature near the bottom of the document, "the seal of his most august majesty, the Emperor of Germany."

Captain Ackinson glanced at the document with imperturbable face.

"What is the name of the gentleman to whom all this refers?" he inquired.

"The Duc de Souspennier!"

"The name," Captain Ackinson remarked, "is not upon my passenger list."

"He is traveling under the name of 'Mr. Sabin,'" Baron Von Graisheim interrupted.

"And do you expect me," Captain Ackinson remarked, "to hand over the person in question to you on the authority of that document?"

"Certainly!" the two men exclaimed with one voice.

"Then I am very sorry indeed," Captain Ackinson declared, "that you should have had the termerity to stop my ship, and detain me here on such a fool's errand. I am now on the high seas and under the English flag. The document you have just shown me impeaching the Duc de Souspennier for 'lese majestie' and high treason, and all the rest of it, is not worth the paper it is written on here, nor, I should think, in America. I must ask you to leave my ship at once, gentlemen, and I can promise you that my employers, the Cunard ss. company, will bring a claim against your government for this unwarrantable detention."

"You must, if you please, be reasonable," Captain Dronestein said. "We have force behind us, and we are determined to rescue this man at all costs."

Captain Ackinson laughed scornfully.

"I shall be interested to see what measures of force you will employ," he remarked. "You may have a tidy bill to pay as it is, for that shot you put across my bows. If you try another it may cost you the Kaiser Wilhelm and the whole of the German navy. Now, if you please, I've no more time to waste."

Captain Ackinson moved toward the door. Dronestein laid his hand upon his arm.

"Captain Ackinson," he said, "do not be rash. If I have seemed too peremptory in this matter, remember that Germany as my fatherland is as dear to me as England to you, and this man whose arrest I am commissioned to effect has earned for himself the deep enmity of all patriots. Listen to me, I beg. You run not shadow of risk in delivering this man up to my custody. He has no country with whom you might become embroiled. He is a French Royalist, who has cast himself adrift altogether from his country, and is indeed her enemy. Apart from that, his detention, trial and sentence, would be before a secret court. He would simply disappear. As for you, you need not fear but that your services will be amply recognized. Make your claims now for this detention of your steamer; fix it if you will at five or even ten thousand pounds, and I will satisfy it on the spot by a draft on the Imperial exchequer. The man can be nothing to you. Make a great country your debtor. You will never regret it."

Captain Ackinson shook his arm free from the other's grasp and strode out on to the deck.

"Kaiser Wilhelm boat alongside," he shouted, blowing his whistle. "Smith, have these gentlemen lowered at once, and pass the word to the engineer's room, full speed ahead."

He turned to the two men, who had followed him out.

"You had better get off my ship before I lose my temper," he said bluntly. "But rest assured that I shall report this attempt at intimidation and bribery to my employers, and they will without doubt lay the matter before the government."

"But Captain Ackinson——"

"Not another word, sir."

"My dear——"

Captain Ackinson turned his back upon the two men, and with a stiff, military salute turned toward the bridge. Already the machinery was commencing to throb. Mr. Watson, who was hovering near, came up and helped them to descend. A few apparently casual remarks passed between the three men. From a little lower down Mr. Sabin and Mrs. Watson leaned over the rail and watched the visitors lowered into their boat.

"That was rather a foolish attempt," he remarked lightly; "nevertheless they seem disappointed."

She looked after them pensively.

"I wish I knew what they said to—my husband," she murmured.

"Orders for my assassination, very likely," he remarked lightly. "Did you see your husband's face when he passed us?"

She nodded, and looked behind. Mr. Watson had entered the smoke room. She drew a little nearer to Mr. Sabin and dropped her voice almost to a whisper.

"What you have said in jest is most likely the truth. Be very careful!"

(To be Continued.)

My Girl

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

I'm a summer widower. So is Jimmy. Neither of us like it, though we fixed it that way ourselves. If anyone makes a joke at my expense and dares say I'll get gay because My Girl is gone, I'll hit him—or her. That's how I feel.

It happened this way. Since Little Son came to live at our house, My Girl has been tied down at home and I got it into my head she needed a change. I looked up places to go to and figured out the cost. The cost I set along side of my bank account and I concluded it would stand the pressure, though the account is not so big that I notice it much.

When I broke the news to My Girl at first she wouldn't listen, but I talked so long and so wise, she had to at last, and after awhile she got interested. I brought home a circulating library of summer resort circulars, just to get her enthusiastic, and My Girl had the time of her life reading the fairy tales. She got so fascinated with the enticements they offered, I began to think the summer would be over and done with before she'd finished.

"Listen, Teddy," she'd say, "listen to this: 'Cooled by refreshing breezes, Lakeville lies like a pearl of the waters nestling on a green bank encircled by a border of silvery sands, beyond which stretches the blue, sparkling waters, dancing under the summer skies. Every advantage in the way of diversion and comfort offered at the lowest rates. Good fishing, unsurpassed bathing, easy access to the city. No flies, bugs or mosquitoes.'"

"Isn't it funny, Teddy," she'd say at the end, sort of dreamy and thoughtful, "how many heavenly places you find out about when you're thinking of being a summer boarder?"

"My Girl," I'd return, "don't think so long. Get busy and make up your mind. We don't have summer in January."

And then it would always end by her replying, "but I don't want to go away and leave you."

Finally I got desperate. "My Girl," I said, real haughty, "did it ever occur to you that I might like being a bachelor again?"

I'd no idea she'd take me seriously or be so hurt. She looked at me, positvely scared.

"Oh Teddy! do you mean it?" she quavered, "have I made you as unhappy as that?"

I got in a hurry to take it back.

"Girl o' mine," I said, with my arms wide open. "Come where you belong and stay until you get reason."

She came and she stayed, and pretty soon she heard that I hated to lose her, but that I wanted her to go; and I'd be perfectly happy to have her away, but utterly miserable because she was out of my sight, and a lot more crisscross things like that which My Girl understood perfectly.

"I'll not stay more than a week," she declared.

"Not a minute longer unless you want to," I agreed.

"And you'll write every day and come up to spend every Sunday," she went on.

"Yes'm," I answered, trying to figure out how many Sundays there were in a week.

"And you'll promise not to miss me, and you'll have as good a time as you possibly can while I'm gone?" she persisted.

I was in the habit of saying "yes'm" on the spot, so I said it again, but this time I spoke in the wrong place. My Girl didn't seem pleased. At first she looked injured, and then she saw the point and began to laugh at her own inconsistency.

"Oh, well," she decided, comfortably, "the best part of going away is the coming back. I believe I'll go just to have the joy of welcome home to the traveler."

So it was arranged, and the where was settled by our renting a cottage on a sand bank up in Michigan, where there were other cottages and a hotel and all the fresh air and water you could possibly use.

Jimmy's girl and the Little Mother wanted to go to the party, too, so that made it all the better, and I felt more easy in my mind about Little Son and My Girl. To tell the truth, when it came to the point, secretly I weakened and wished I hadn't spoken, but since it was my doing, I refused to mention I was sorry. Micky knew from the start there was something mournful for him in the wind, and at once he grew melancholy, especially when he saw My Girl packing. She noticed his gloom and had an inspiration.

"Why can't I take Micky along? He'll be so lonely with you away all day and no one at home to speak to. I'd really like to have him."

I felt sort of funny inside. Someway, I'd counted on having Micky for porch company in the evening, but if My Girl wanted him, why, of course it was all right, he should be taken.

"Want to go, Micky?" I said, snapping my fingers enticingly.

Did he want to go? You should have seen him! He didn't know when or where it was, but he liked any old place and pranced in his glee, spinning around in a circle chasing his tail. He went so fast that once I thought he had caught it.

Little Son didn't express his opinion. He was too busy dropping a spoon on the floor for the fun of having me pick it up and hand it to him. He likes to see his father work, the young tyrant.

My Girl looked over my entire wardrobe — summer and winter — before she went away, to make sure there were no buttons missing, and that nothing needed mending. The last thing she put the house in fine shape. I'd hate to tell how it'll look when she comes back again, but she won't care if the kitchen's moved into the parlor and the parlor gone over to the neighbor's. She always says, when I get more disorderly than usual, "Make yourself perfectly at home, Teddy. What's home to a man if he can't be messy?"

Isn't she a wonder?

Jimmy and I went to the train with the girls to see them safely started. We all drove to the station together in a carriage. It was rather of a tight fit, but Jimmy sat up on the box with the driver and Micky came loping along behind, so that helped some. My Girl thought it was extravagant. "We might just as well have gone in the cars," she said.

I told her it was the first time she'd ever gone to a summer resort with Little Son, and, as it might not happen again, she was going in style even if we never laid up a cent.

At the last moment, My Girl handed Little Son to Mary, jumped out of the carriage and ran back to the house. "I've forgotten something," she explained, "come and help me, Teddy."

I followed her as fast as I could and unlocked the front door. We went inside and closed the door behind us. "What did you forget, My Girl?" I asked when we'd tip-toed into the parlor. Already the house seemed like a funeral.

"This, Teddy," she answered.

Her arms went around my neck and her cheek against my top vest-button.

"I love you, Teddy," she whispered. "I love you."

"Girl o' mine," I said, real husky and with my heart turning handsprings, "the same to you and more of it."

We got the girls to the station all right and saw them safely aboard the train, and the next thing I knew I was a summer widower with the railroad company carrying off my family.

Now, everything is so different I can't get myself sorted out and decide who I am. Jimmy feels the same way. We're not used to being allowed out alone so much, and it seems more than queer. The first night the girls were gone we had dinner down town together and then, from force of habit, we went home.

"Come over to our house." I invited Jimmy when he was turning off at his corner. I spoke about as cordially as a meat-axe.

"All right," growled Jimmy as if he'd been insulted and was blaming me for it.

We certainly were a happy pair that evening. Jimmy absolutely declined to cheer up. He's spoiled anyway. His girl and the Little Mother spoil him, and he wanted petting.

We smoked like chimneys all the evening, talking steady by jerks. When Jimmy got up to go he shook himself like a big St. Bernard coming out of the water.

"Gee!" he said, "I'm lonesome."

And that's what's the matter with me, I'm lonesome.

ANGEL CHILDREN.

Is there any happier woman in this world than that mother whose each successive little one seems to her but one more darling angel to continually lift her thoughts toward the sunshine of perfect happiness? But sorry is the lot of that poor mother to whom motherhood has ceased to be a cause of rejoicing, but has become instead a burden to be dreaded and looked forward to with melancholy and apprehension.

"About three months before our last baby was born (which is our fourth), writes Mrs. Nellie Carl, of Myrtlepoint, Coos Co., Oregon, "my health was very poor. I had been troubled for about eight years with female disease. I doctored with good physicians but obtained no relief, so I wrote to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, and was advised to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I did so, and am happy to say my health began to improve and I did my work up to the last, and felt splendid.

"I got along finely during confinement, and have the healthiest baby I ever saw. When he was three months old he weighed eighteen pounds; he is now seven months old and weighs twenty-four pounds. I can say I have had no return of my old troubles. I thank you very much for the good you have done me."

Any woman may write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., a statement of her case, which will be considered in absolute confidence by this physician who stands among the foremost specialists of the century in the treatment of women's diseases. He will send her (in a plain, sealed envelope) sound, sensible, valuable advice free of all charge.

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A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

"I do not understand at all,"
Said Phyllis of her beau.
"Why he doth still make love to me;
I always tell him 'No!'"

To whom a cynic friend replied
(Or was she merely wise?):
"You tell him 'No'? Therein, perhaps,
The explanation lies!

"He likes the little game, no doubt,
But likes to play it when
There is no danger. Try a 'Yes';
He'd be discouraged then!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Recent Literature.

The following books have been received by The Blade from the publishers named. For further information address the publishers, not us:

The Fool Errant is a new novel by Maurice Hewlett, one of the best authors of the day, which is described as being the memoirs of Francis-Antony Strelley, Esq., Citizen of Lucca, and is concerned with the experiences and mishaps of a young English knight, occasioned by his own innocence and impractical reading of the word chivalry. The time is the eighteenth century. The place is Italy and the incidents are characteristic of the manners and morals of the day. The story savors of past centuries in literary style and is quaintly humorous. The Macmillans, New York.

The Image in the Sand by E. F. Benson, is a love story in which spiritualism plays a strong part. The opening scenes are placed in Cairo and then transferred to England where the heroine is finally happily married after a direful time with spirits, mediums and a hypnotist. The story is well told and is especially pleasing in its descriptions of Cairo and its surroundings. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Parisians Out of Doors is a pleasing book, by F. Berkeley Smith, which tells how the French people amuse themselves out-of-doors, where they spend as much of their life as is possible. The cafes, gardens, chateaux, country and seaside resorts and the various places where the Parisians go for out-door amusement. Mr. Smith describes with consummate skill in word painting, though his pictures are never of still life, since he always peoples them with the gay, pleasure loving Parisians, who seem to know better than any other nation, how to get the zest of life.

It is a diverting book, illustrated by the author and other artists and with a frontispiece in color, by F. Hopkinson Smith. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

One of Them.

Guy Fawkes was lighting the fuse.

"Nope," he said, "I don't believe in a sane Fourth."

Igniting another piece of punk, he drew off to see the fun.—New York Mail.

MENTAL ACCURACY

Greatly Improved by Leaving off Coffee.

The manager of an extensive creamery in Wis. states that while a regular coffee drinker, he found it injurious to his health and a hindrance to the performance of his business duties.

"I cannot say," he continues, "that I ever used coffee to excess, but I know that it did me harm, especially during the past few years.

"It impaired my digestion, gave me a distressing sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, causing a most painful and disquieting palpitation of the heart, and what is worse, it muddled my mental faculties so as to seriously injure my business efficiency.

"I concluded, about 8 months ago, that something would have to be done. I quit the use of the old kind of coffee, short off, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The cook didn't make it right at first—she didn't boil it long enough, and I did not find it palatable and quit using it and went back to the old kind of coffee and to the stomach trouble again. Then my wife took the matter in hand, and by following the directions on the box faithfully, she had me drinking Postum for several days before I knew it. When I happened to remark that I was feeling much better than I had for a long time, she told me that I had been drinking Postum, and that accounted for it. Now we have no other kind of coffee on our table.

"My digestion has been perfectly restored, and with this improvement has come relief from the oppressive sense of fullness and palpitation of the heart that used to bother me so, and I note such a gain in mental strength and acuteness that I can attend to my office work with ease and pleasure and without making the mistakes that were so annoying to me while I was using the old kind of coffee.

"Postum Food Coffee is the greatest table drink of the times, in my humble estimation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

I wish some reader of Farmstead would tell me how to make dill pickles.—L., Woodlawn, Ill.

Would some reader of Farmstead give a full description of a pure-bred Belgian hare? Give color, average size, markings, etc., and tell how to distinguish between pure and cross-bred ones. Would also like to breed, feed and care for them.—M., Moundsville, W. Va.

I have frequently read in the Farmstead a request for a cure for heaves. I hope that among all the readers of Farmstead one will be able to give a remedy.—, Granite Falls, N. C.

I have a piece of ground which I am to improve for wheat. I sowed it in clover a year ago and mowed it this summer, and now it has a good seed crop. I wish some one will tell me what to do with this crop in order that the land may get the greatest benefit. I do not want to turn the land until a year from the coming fall, and then I want to sow wheat on it.—H., Arcadia, Tenn.

Have a large turkey gobbler with an enormously large cra

Question Bureau

RULES.—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The Cabinet.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell who the cabinet officers are at this date.—C. C. S., Evans, W. Va.

Elihu Root, secretary of state; Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of treasury; William H. Taft, secretary of war; William H. Moody, attorney general; George Cortelyou, postmaster general; Charles Jerome Bonaparte, secretary of navy; Ethan A. Hitchcock, secretary of interior; James Wilson, secretary of agriculture; Victor B. Metcalf, secretary of commerce and labor.

Col. E. E. Ellsworth.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of E. E. Ellsworth. Who killed him?—E. G. H., Fredericktown, O.

Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth was born in Mechanicsville, Saratoga county, N. Y., April 23, 1837. After entering mercantile life in Troy and New York City, he removed at an early age to Chicago, where he studied law and became a solicitor of patents. In 1860 he organized a regiment of Zouaves, which became renowned for perfection of discipline, and of which he was commissioned colonel. He accompanied Lincoln to Washington in 1861, and proceeded thence to New York, where in April he organized a Zouave regiment composed of firemen. Of this regiment he was appointed colonel and sent to Alexandria, Va., May 24. Seeing a Confederate flag floating above a hotel owned by a man named Jackson, Ellsworth rushed to the roof and tore down the flag. On his way from the roof he was met and shot dead by Jackson, who in turn was immediately killed by one of Ellsworth's men, Frank E. Brownell.

Rockefeller and Carnegie.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give me the addresses of John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, and the amount of their wealth.—W. L. S., Nobe, W. Va.

The Bureau has given the addresses of both men a number of times, with the suggestion that people who expect to reach them by letter will have to have business of importance. Otherwise there will little likelihood of their letters ever getting beyond the hands of their secretaries. Mr. Rockefeller's business address is 26 Broadway, N. Y. Mr. Carnegie's business address is 2 E. 91st street, N. Y. Nobody knows the exact wealth of these men. Various estimates have been made, but it is doubtful if either man himself knows the amount of his wealth.

Martial Law.

Editor Question Bureau: Please explain martial law.—H. B., Monmouth, Ill.

Martial law supersedes municipal or state law, and yet is not a military law. When in time of extreme peril to the state, whether from within or from without, the general safety cannot be trusted to the ordinary administration, and the public welfare demands the adoption and execution of extraordinary measures, it may be necessary to declare the existence of martial law. In the ordinary sense this is not law at all; it is in fact the abrogation of law. Remotely and indirectly martial law expresses the will of the people. The supreme court of the United States has held that a state's legislature may proclaim the existence of martial law whenever the public safety demands it, and the constitution, by implication, at least, also permits its proclamation; that constitution provides that the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, it is essential to the general welfare.

Patent Law Requirements.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please answer the following question:

What is necessary to do in order to obtain a patent, and what is the cost? Are models necessary and if so must the whole machine be made in working order or only such parts as are newly invented? Also are there any rules as to size of models and materials used for models? Can a patent be obtained for a machine if there were no machine like it patented, even if only certain parts were entirely new inventions? If models are not necessary, what is necessary?—A. F., Gobleville, Mich.

Applications for a patent must be made in writing to the commissioner of patents, Washington, D. C. The applicant must also file in the patent office a written description of the invention or discovery, and of the manner of process of making, constructing, compounding and using it, in such full, clear, concise and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound and use the same; and in case of a machine he must explain the principle thereof, and the best mode in which he has contemplated applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses. When the nature of the case admits of a drawing the applicant must furnish a drawing of the required size, signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses. In all cases which admit of representation or model the applicant, if required by the patent office, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts of his invention or discovery.

Fees must be paid in advance, and are as follows: On filing each original application for a patent, $15. On issuing each original patent, $20. In design cases: For three years and six months, $10; for seven years, $15; for fourteen years, $30. On filing each caveat, $10. On every application for the reissue of a patent, $30. On filing each disclaimed, $10. For certified copies of patents and other papers in manuscript, ten cents per hundred words and twenty-five cents for the certificate; for certified copies of printed patents, eighty cents. For uncertified printed copies of specifications and drawings of patents, for single copies, or any number of unclassified copies, five cents each; for copies by subclasses, three cents each; by classes, two cents each, and for the entire set of patents issued, in one order, one cent each. For recording every assignment, agreement, power of attorney, or other paper, of three hundred words or under, $1; for every three hundred words under one thousand words, $2; of over one thousand words, $3. For copies of drawings, the reasonable cost of making them. The patent office is prepared to furnish positive photographic copies of any drawing, foreign or domestic, in the possession of the office, in sizes and at rates as follows: Large size, 10x15 inches, twenty-five cents; medium size, 7x11 inches, fifteen cents. Fee for examining and registering trade mark, $25, which includes certificate. Stamps cannot be accepted by the patent office in payment of fees. Stamps and stamped envelopes should not be sent to the office for replies to letters, as stamps are not required on mail matter emananting from the patent office.

Our Last War With England.

Editor Question Bureau: I would esteem it a great favor if you would give a plain statement of the causes that led to our last war with England. I read the history when young (am now 82), but would like to refresh my memory. It seems to me we might with propriety call it the second war of independence. The British claimed the right to search our vessels and take off any sailors they desired, and I wonder that our government submitted to that insult as long at is did.—W. B. H., Carson City, Mich.

The latter years of the 18th and early years of the 19th centuries witnessed a phenomenal growth of American commerce due to continued wars in Europe. Naturalization in the United States was easy and the wages of seamen were high. Great numbers of English sailors availed themselves of these advantages. The result was that England became jealous of the United States. In 1793 she claimed the right of searching neutral, especially American, vessels. The so-called right meant that wherever an English warship met American merchantmen or war vessels they were required to stop, order their men on deck and permit as many sailors to be seized and forced into the English service as were unable to prove their nationality. It was maintained that only deserters from the English navy were wanted, but in the period of 1796 to 1802, 1,942 American seamen were pressed into the English naval service on the plea that they were deserters. When the war between Great Britain and Napoleon broke out afresh in 1803, American trade received another impetus. French, Spanish and even English traders raised the American flag in order to get the advantages of neutrals. Arrangements between England and the United States permitted American vessels to take in cargoes in her colonies provided these commodities were consigned to United States ports. The cargoes were afterward re-shipped to Europe. Ship owners learned to touch at American ports, unload their cargoes, pay the required tax in the form of a bond, reload and, at the same time receiving their bonds back again, set sail for foreign markets. Thus it appeared that England's commerce would fall into the hands of her rivals. To break up this trade and also to bring the impressment policy more strictly to bear upon the Americans, British war vessels were stationed just outside the more important ports of the United States. The result was that American citizens were seized and American vessels confiscated in larger numbers than ever before. English cruisers virtually blockaded the American coast from Maine to Georgia. June 27 the British war vessel, Leopard, under orders from the English admiral, Berkeley, signaled the Chesapeake to stop as she was leaving Norfolk harbor. An officer was sent aboard the Chesapeake to search for deserters. Commodore Barron, of the Chesapeake, refused to muster his men. Thereupon the Leopard opened fire and, taking the Chesapeake by surprise, speedily disabled her; three men were killed and 18 wounded. When the search was completed only one Englishman was found. Nevertheless three American sailors were taken away, one being a negro. This affair greatly excited the American people, and war soon became the general cry. President Jefferson did not believe in war, but felt keenly the force of the insult, and after forbidding American harbors to English war vessels he sent an agent to England to demand a disavowal of and reparation for the attack on the Chesapeake. England paid no attention to these representations.

While English-American relations were thus assuming a threatening attitude neutral trade was suffering still further restrictions in Europe. In May, 1806, provoked by Napoleon's closing the ports of Hamburg and Bremen, England declared, through her council, the coasts of Belgium, Holland and Germany to the mouth of Elbe in a state of blockade. November 21, 1806, Napoleon replied by declaring a similar blockade of all the ports of England. Neither the orders nor the decrees could be enforced, but they made trade with England, France and Germany unlawful. Following this incident came the unpopular American embargo act, and finally as a substitute the non-intercourse act. Then, in 1809, Madison became president and England sent a new minister to the United States, who negotiated a treaty which promised the withdrawal of the orders of council. Madison suspended the nonintercourse act against Great Britain June 10, 1809, by proclamation. Upon this day 600 vessels sailed from American ports to take chances with their enemies in Europe. In July came the news that the treaty of the new minister had been disavowed by the London cabinet and that the minister himself had been recalled. Madison at once issued a second proclamation, which recalled the first and replaced the power restrictions of English trade. The British cabinet sent over a new minister who at once made himself obnoxious to the people. He insulted the president by insisting that Madison had duped his predecessor into signing the recent treaty. The new minister was summarily dismissed.

In May, 1811, came the news that the United States frigate President had encountered the British sloop Little Belt, after a hot chase of several hours, and practically annihilated her. The "Chesapeake affair" had been avenged and the people again became wild with excitement and public meetings were held. Other events occurred during the summer and autumn of 1811 which tended to hasten the breach with England. The Indians on the western frontier, from Fort Dearborn to northern Georgia, formed a confederation against the United States. Tecumseh was the Indian leader. He was defeated and soon after joined the English, and the general belief that England had instigated the Indian attacks was generally confirmed. Following these events, in themselves causes for war, came a revolution in the Republican party. It had come into power as an uncompromising opponent of English influence in the country. Jefferson, its leader, opposed war from principle, but the events of 1811 taught the people a bolder policy, and men thought again of the Revolution. They elected new representatives to congress. The new congress had a membership of 146, and upon its assembling 70 were found to be young and untried politicians. They evinced a warlike feeling. They were led by Clay and Calhoun, vigorous nationalists who had hope for a great future for their country. President Madison joined them. From November, 1811, to the end of the session the new party exercised all its ability in persuading congress and the country to prepare for war. After long debate and many compromises on army and naval matters war was at last declared, June 18.

Rhodes Scholarships.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you tell me something about the requirements necessary to secure a Rhodes scholarship. I am personally anxious to secure information.—J. S. H., Maddox, Ala.

Under the will of Cecil Rhodes, two scholarships at Oxford were to go to each state and territory of the United States. He directed that in the distribution of scholarships "qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, fearlessness, unselfishness, and fellowship," taken together, should rank with literary and scholastic attainments as the chief qualifications, and that "fondness for and success in outdoor sports and the exhibition of moral force of character and of instinct to lead and to take an interest in one's mates," as the two minor qualifications, to be rated at two-thirds the value of the other. President Harper, of the University of Chicago, is the head of the Rhodes scholarship board in the United States, and appoints the examining boards in the several states. Address W. R. Harper, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Title to Homestead.

Editor Question Bureau: Is a man that is working for the government, such as mail contractor and carrier, required to live on homestead claims continually for first six months in order to get title?—J. M. S., Ocean View, Ore.

The law says: No patent can issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved, and cultivated his homestead for a period of at least one year after he commenced his improvements. It is plain that mail carriers have no privileges not granted to other persons.

Discovery of America.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give an account of the discovery of America?—M. L., Hadley, Mich.

There is a memorized tradition that in the year 1,000 Leif Ericson reached the mainland of North America, and that in 1007 one Karlsefni landed there in a fine country, abounding in flat stones and grapes, and fierce natives. There has been no evidence produced to show that Ericson's discovery was known to Italian or Spanish navigators. Their incentive to western voyages was to find a direct western route to India. But to Columbus is due the solution of the problem of reaching India. He appealed to the kings of Portugal, Spain, England and France for means to enable him to make a voyage westward to Asia, all in vain. Finally he turned again to Spain and appealed to the missionary zeal of Queen Isabella in behalf of the distant heathens, and held out to her counselors the rich results of conquest and power. Supplied with the queen's money and armed with her authority, Columbus got together three small vessels, the Maria, Nina and Pinta, carrying 90 men in all. He sailed from Palos August 3, 1492, and from the Canary islands five weeks later. His crews grew mutinous, but Columbus threatened, and even understated the ship's daily run. Friday, October 12, 1492 (old style), 33 days after losing sight of land, and distant 3,230 nautical miles from Palos, he came upon an island, to which he gave name of San Salvadore. A few days later Columbus reached the coast of Cuba, and Hispaniola, or Haiti. He was disappointed in not finding towns and civilized communities, for he died in the belief that he had found the coast of Asia. His second voyage was begun in September, 1493. This time he had 17 vessels and 1,500 men; founded Isabella in Haiti, the first city of Europeans in America; set up a government there, and discovered Porto Rico, Jamaica and some of the lesser Antilles. On a third voyage, in 1498, he reached South America and discovered the mouth of the Orinoco. His colony in Hispaniola, including the permanent city of Santo Domingo, fell into confusion and Columbus was sent home in chains. However, he made a fourth voyage (1502) in search of a water passage to India, which carried him to the coast of Honduras, and to the Isthmus of Panama. In 1496 Henry VII. of England gave authority to the Venetian navigator, John Cabot, and his three sons, "to sail to all parts, regions and waters of the eastern, western and southern seas, and to discover any heathen regions which up to this time have remained unknown to Christians." Though this voyage later became the basis of the English claims to North America, all that is known is Cabot returned to England in 1497 and reported that 700 leagues hence he had discovered land. Americus Vespucius coasted large parts of South America from 1499 to 1507 in behalf of Spain, and then of Portugal. He published several letters describing his discoveries and, apparently without any such expectation, furnished a name which gradually supplanted the term "New World," used by Columbus and others.

The Dark Ages.

Editor Question Bureau: When did the dark ages begin and how long did they last?—C. V., Winona, O.

The period of the dark ages is supposed to have extended from the fall of the Roman empire, 475 A. D., to the revival of literature on the discovery of the Paulists at Amalfi in 1137. Not to draw the limits too finely, say 700 years.

Financial Plank of 1892.

Editor Bureau: Please publish the financial plank of the Democratic platform in 1892.—D. Decala, Ala.

"We denounce the Republican legislation known as the Sherman Act of 1890 as a cowardly makeshift, fraught with possibilities of danger in the future, which should make of its supporters, as well as its author, anxious for its speedy repeal. We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discriminating against either metal or charge for mintage; but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar, at all times, in the markets and in the payment of debts; and we demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin. We insist that this policy as especially necessary for the protection of the farmers and laboring classes, the first and most defenseless victims of unstable money and a fluctuating currency."

Must Not Carry Passengers.

Editor Bureau: Will you kindly tell me whether a rural mail carrier is allowed to take his children with him over his route when he is on duty?—L. B. M. A., Alexis, N. C.

Under a recent order, rural mail carriers are prohibited from taking any person with them over their routes. Carriers were formerly permitted to do so, but it is not permissible now.

The Franco-Prussian War.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me what was the cause of the Franco-Prussian war?—G. A., Halstead, Kan.

The remote cause of this war was long existing jealousy between France and Prussia, which was strengthened on the side of France by the Prussian defeat of Austria in 1866, which secured her rival the unquestioned leadership in Germany. The immediate cause was the incident occurring in June, 1870, when General Prim, commanding in Spain after the deposition and abdication of Queen Isabella, offered the crown of that country to Leopold of Hohenzollern, a prince belonging to the reigning house of Prussia. It was thought in France that the acceptance of this offer would endanger the balance of power in Europe, and more particularly would threaten the safety of France, by putting Prussia in a position to attack it on the east as well as in the south. Accordingly the government of Napoleon III. demanded of the king of Prussia that he should forbid the candidature of the prince. The prince voluntarily retired, but the French ambassador offensively insisted that this renunciation should be formally made by the king, and a guarantee given that the candidature should not be revived. This demand was refused, and a formal declaration of war by France against Prussia was received by Count Bismarck, the chancellor of the North German confederation, July 19. The war was welcomed by both sides with equal enthusiasm.

Geological Periods.

Editor Question Bureau: I have greatly enjoyed recent answers you have given in regard to the formation of the earth, the ages and the number of years man has inhabited the earth, etc. Will you now please name the geological periods, and the number of years between; and, if it is not multiplying questions, what is a cycle of time?—G. W. R., Shawnee, Tenn.

We have no definite knowledge of the length of time of formation of the various number of geological periods, and cannot, in fact, in the limits of the Bureau, treat the subject as it should be in order to give a thorough understanding of it. Great sequences of strata, each of which is characterized by peculiar associations of fossils, have been found throughout Europe, and parallel sequences have been identified throughout North America. In other continents also closely related systems of strata are known. Each great sequence thus marked by peculiar remains of life is named, and is thought to correspond to a particular geologic period, though the limits of time divisions are indefinite. Huxley says, however, that geologic systems were relatively contemporaneous, though not absolutely so. Geologists divide the system of strata in series—the azoic (lifeless era), Proterozoic, Paleozoic, Mesozoic and Cenozoic. These names are taken in most instances from districts in which the strata occur typically, or from characteristics of the rocks themselves. The time division corresponding to a system are called periods, and the periods are grouped to constitute eras.

Cycle (Greek, cyclos, a circle,) is used for every uniformly returning succession of the same events. On such successions or cycles of years rest all chronology, particularly the calendar. Our common solar year, determined by the periodical return of the sun to the same point in the ecliptic, contains 52 weeks and one day, and one day more each leap year. Consequently in the different years the same day of the year cannot fall on the same day of the week. For example: The year 1894 began with a Monday, 1895 with a Tuesday, 1896 with a Wednesday, but 1897, being preceded by a year that began, not with a Thursday, but with a Friday. If we count only common years, it is manifest that from seven years to seven years every year would begin again with the same day of the week as the seventh year before, or, to express the same in other words, after seven years the dominical letter would return in the same order. But as every fourth year, instead of a common year, is a leap year, this can only take place after 28 years. Such periods of 28 years is called a solar cycle, and serves to show the day of the week falling on the first day of January in every year. In China a cycle covers a period of 60 years.

Miscellaneous.

P. S., Melville, Mich.; Cannot give description of "Telantograph."

C. E., Barnes Corners, N. Y.: Pronounce Joaquin as though spelled "Hwakeen."

S. C. E., Evans, Tex.: Cannot give you the information you want. Know nothing about such prison.

M. H., North Hope, Pa.: Write, enclosing stamp for reply, to the National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

J. J. J., Fredericktown, O.: It would be impossible to give a list of living inventors and their inventions.

M. T. J., Whitehouse, O.: Address a letter to Interior Department, Washington, D. C., for information you want.

J. A. W., Oakland, Ky.: We cannot answer your question. The ellipticity of the earth is not the same at all points.

H. L., Palmer, N. C.: Wall street is the financial center of New York, the street upon which the stock market, etc., is located.

Z. W., Decatur, Mich.; In automobile racing the nine cylinders are said to favor a proclamation declaring a regency and deposing the czar.

IGUREFITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

The infant csarevitch, if a regency were declared, would be the nominal ruler of Russia, under four grand dukes.

ON THE PLAINS OF YUHA

Wonderful Curiosities Found in a Deadly Desert.

There is a section of the Colorado desert where nature has left some remarkable records. She has visited the region alternately, with fire and water, and has left it with neither. It is the most desolate, wild, barren, forbidden part of the desert and it is shunned alike by man and beast. That there are good and sufficient reasons for avoiding this locality is attested by numbers of graves—nameless, for the most part—found in the terrible regions.

These graves are simple affairs, merely mounds of earth, with a border of stones around each and a pile of rocks two or three feet high at the head. Each tells the story of a tragedy of heat, thirst and death. Those items are about all that is ever known of the stories of those who perish. Their mummified bodies or bleached bones are found long after the struggle is over, and the finder, respecting the memory of the unknown, scoops a hole in the earth, lays the ghastly relic within, and piles up the only monument available in that wild region.

As recently as December 13, 1904, the bones of three victims were laid in one of these lonely, flowerless, turfless graves on the plains of Yuha.

The plain now lies nearly one hundred feet below the level of the sea, and the rocks of the plain and the bases of the mountains are washed and eroded in a wonderful manner. Mingled with the burnt stones and volcanic debris are rocks worn by the waves and shaped into hundreds of fantastic forms. There are many acres of these stone curiosities, and certain sections of the field seem devoted to certain shapes and figures.

For instance, one passes through a region which he at once names the cabbage patch, for it presents the appearance of a field of those vegetables which have turned to stone. The waves have worn the rocks into round bowlders about the size of the vegetable which they so much resemble, and have cut into the globes, laminating them in perfect imitation of the leafy layers of the garden variety.

Another locality is devoted almost exclusively to dinner plates. Thousands of rounded, thin disks are scattered over the plain, or piled scores deep in singular piles each piece shaped exactly like the crockery which adorns our tables, and quite as thin and symmetrical.

Another section of this truly wonderful region is given almost wholly to dumbbells. These vary in size from pieces weighing from one to two pounds up to those seemingly calculated for exercising the muscles of a giant and weighing thirty or forty pounds each. In almost every instance these natural dumbbells are well balanced, the balls at either end of the connecting piece being of the same size and weight.

There is in this plain an arsenal, also. While guns and swords and bayonets and powder were not there to be found, there are thousands of cannon balls varying in size from two and three inch balls to those like the big inch guns of modern warfare; and all are of stone, all formed in natures' workshop.

There are other objects innumerable. There are stone roses, stone lilies, stone tulips, stone leaves, stone birds, stone animals, stone quoits, stone ornaments in varied and unique designs, stone canes—in fact, almost everything conceivable in nature or art imitated in stone on the plain of Yuha.

In one portion of Yuha rise two hills, or small mountains. One might mistake them in the distance for ancient craters, but when he approaches the eminences he discovers them to be monuments to an ancient life—the records of species now extinct. They are shell mountains, great beds of prehistoric bivalves, which were left stranded when that ancient sea swept back from the region and left a dry and desolate land.

One of these mountains—the large one—is composed wholly of large, rough shells, much larger, but less elongated than the shells of the modern oyster, which in some respects they so much resemble as to lead to the suspicion that they are the remains of the ancestors of our much prized bivalves.

The lesser hill is composed of tiny shells of a prehistoric type of brachiopoda. Like the larger shells, they are found, except on the surface, in an undisturbed state, both valves of nearly every shell being found in position. Although the mollusk dwellers of these shells vanished centuries ago, so perfect are the shells one almost expects, when he opens the valve of the shell, to find the living creature within.—Los Angeles Times.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

When Henry Ward Beecher was on a trip to the Far West, many years ago, he was visited at his hotel in a little mining town by a local celebrity, a man noted as a hunter and scout, and the great preacher was especially cordial to him. After the caller had gone away one of Mr. Beecher's traveling companions took him to task.

"I marvel at the warmth of your greeting to that man," he said.

"Why?"

"Didn't you notice his eyes—how remarkably close together they were? That is a bad sign."

"Not in this case," said Mr. Beecher. "Didn't you observe his nose? It's high and thin—the nose of a great man. With a nose like that, why should his eyes waste space by sprawling wide apart? The man is all right."

Mr. Beecher's judgment of his caller was correct, as subsequent history attested.—Youth's Companion.

Glimpses of the Past.

Solomon had acquired his 400th wife. "It never would do to stop at that," he soliloquized. "They would be boasting that they belong to a New York's exclusive set."

Sending out a dragnet, he scooped in 300 more.—Chicago Tribune.

IRON USED AS MONEY

Ancient History Tells of a Team of Horses Required to Move $88.

Plutarch says: "Not content with this (the equal division of the lands, etc., of the Lacedaemonians), he (Lycurgus) resolved to make a division of their movables, too, that there might be no odious distinction or inequality left among them; but finding that it would be very dangerous to go about it openly, he took another course and defeated their avarice by the following stratagem: He commanded that all gold and silver coin should be called in, and that only a certain kind of money made of iron should be current. A great weight and quantity was of little worth, so that to lay up twenty or thirty pounds there was required a pretty large closet, and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen. With the diffusion of this money, at once a number of vices were banished from Lacedaemonia, for who would rob another of such a coin? Who would unjustly detain or take by force, or accept as a bribe, a thing which was not easy to hide nor a credit to have, nor indeed of any use to cut in pieces? For when it was just red hot they quenched it in vinegar, by this means spoiling it, and made almost incapable of being "worked."

Clare, in his "Universal History of the World," volume II, page 585, says: "To render the state dependent only on its own territorial products and to prevent any individual from accumulating an undue amount of wealth, he (Lycurgus) prohibited the use of any money except an iron coin, with so small a value in comparison with its bulk and weight, that the necessity of using it as a medium of exchange would make it difficult to carry on trade, especially foreign commerce. By subjecting this iron coin to a process rendering it brittle and unfit for any other use, Lycurgus endeavored to destroy every desire to hoard it as treasure."

Rollin, in his "Ancient History," volume I, page 687, says: "First he (Lycurgus) cried down all gold and silver money, and ordained that no other should be current than that of iron; that he made so very heavy and fixed at so low a rate that a cart and two oxen were necessary to carry home a sum of 10 minae (500 French livres, about $88.80) and a whole chamber to keep it in."

This was done for the purpose of sapping the foundation of avarice.

From the above quotations it would seem that while iron was much more valuable than it is now, still it was not so valuable as to justify its being coined into money. It seems that a team of oxen could haul about $88 worth of coin. I presume the same sort of team might haul one-fifth that value of iron at the present date—Scientific American.

EARLY ELECTRIC ROADS.

Daft began work on the Hampden branch of the Baltimore Union Passenger Railway company in August, 1885, says a writer in the Century, at first with two, and a year later with two more, dummies, which pulled regular street cars. A central canal the running rails were used for the normal operation, but at crossings an overhead conductor was installed, and connection was made with it by a transversely hinged arm carried on the car and pressed upward against it by a spring. The driving was by a pinion operating on an internal gear on one of the axles.

This was, I think, the first regularly operated electric road in this country, and many duties unduly which the contract was taken, including waiting a year for payment conditioned on satisfactory operation—and finally, even on these onerous terms, secured only in the face of an opinion by a well-known society that "no one but 'a knave or a fool' would undertake it—were anything but encouraging. Fortunately for Daft, however, T. C. Robbins, the general manager of the railroad company, was strong in the faith.

The equipment was followed by a more ambitious one—that of a section of the Ninth avenue elevated railroad for a distance of two miles, where a series of experiments was carried on during the latter part of the year 1885, with a locomotive called the "Benjamin Franklin." The motor was mounted on a platform pivoted at one end, and motion was communication from the armature to the driving wheel through grooved friction gears held in close contact partly by the weight of the machine and partly by an adjustable screw device. This locomotive, pulling a train of cars, made several trips; but the experiments were soon suspended, and they were not resumed for three years later, when, during several weeks, a rebuilt and improved "Benjamin Franklin" was frequently run between the steam trains on the section between Fourteen and Fiftieth street, attaining at a times of 25 miles an hour, and on one occasion pulling an eight-car train up the maximum grade of nearly 2 per cent. at a seven-mile rate.

CARE OF BEDS.

It is very important that you keep your bed and bedroom warm and dry during the day. An open window and a cool room will make the bed damp and cold, and will give its unfortunate occupant a severe cold at least, if nothing worse. A damp bed is a veritable brooding place of bacteria.

Many housekeepers having heard of the necessity of fresh air, leave the bedroom window open during the day, filling it with cold air when none is needed, and when they close the window for the night, when the room is occupied and fresh air is needed in abundance. Any one can see how contrary to common sense such procedure is.

The custom of some housekeepers to keep the "spare room" closed at all times, and then opening it only to put guests into it, is, to put it mildly, very thoughtless.

Cold objects, bedding included, when exposed to sudden heat, condense the moisture in the air consequently such beds are always damp and cold, and are the most unhealthy, and should be avoided even by guests.

Better go to an up-to-date hotel or walk home any number of miles than to sleep in such a bed.

Air your clothing worn in the daytime, footwear included, open out and hang over chairs or on hooks near the stove or register to dry and air during the night.

If you neglect this simple sanitary measure your clothing will feel damp and cold in the morning, because it still contains the evaporations from your body during the previous day, and after a while your clothing will have an unpleasant odor from these evaporations.

Drying and airing your footwear during the night will keep your feet from sweating, coldness and bad odors.

Your bed and room warm and dry, have plenty of light weight bedding. Then just before retiring close the door and open the window at the bottom. Where more than one person sleeps in a room the window must be raised higher.

This will give an abundance of fresh air while you sleep. Place the bed so that the fresh air current will not strike you directly. Protected in your dry, warm bed as cosy as a bug in a rug—the air, cold, pure and fresh, freighted with oxygen, a very elixir of life, will quiet your nerves, will rest you, will soothe you and give you healing and strength. When arising in the morning close the window quickly and let heat come into the room. Then, dressed in your aired and dried day clothing, you will feel clean, fresh and vigorous.

Keep your living rooms well ventilated in daytime. If no other provision is made for ventilation, get one of those attachments to a stovepipe or flue which take the cold air from the floor. Foul air, being heavier than warm air, naturally sinks to or near the floor, and by the above mentioned apparatus escapes to the flue. How many sitting rooms of even well to do people have a very offensive odor from lack of ventilation.

NO PROPOSAL.

A young lady, whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation, was visiting at a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the eligible party:

"I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question is one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and putting the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious beauty. "Do you know," enjoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"—Chicago Journal.

A Place for Him.

The sheriff of Marion county, Indiana, refuses to enforce the antigambling law because he does not wish to be "made a monkey of." He seems to be the kind of man to be made a private citizen of.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SUNBURN A REAL MIRACLE

Old Sol's Rays Have No Effect Upon a Tanned Skin.

There are certain arctic animals, dark-coated in the short summer, that in winter turn pure white, thus matching the snow-covered landscape and escaping notice and harm.

This change of color, this protection, effected no one knows how, is wonderful, as wonderful as a miracle, and yet a kindred change in man, a kindred protection, happens among mankind every summer and nobody ever notices it.

When the pale city people go out in the summer sun at the seashore or the mountains the light attacks them fiercely, first reddening their skin, then swelling, blistering and scorching it. If they kept in the shade enough to miracle-protect the light would kill them finally, burning off the skin first and afterward attacking the raw flesh.

But a miracle does occur. The skin changes from a pale color to a tan and on this tan the sun has no effect. The sun may beat on tan-colored skin for days and weeks, but such skin remains always sound, unblistered, whole.

Thus nature works a miracle. The white skin is suffering and nature, aware somehow that a tan skin is sunproof, changes to tan the white. How does she do this? Where did she learn that it was wise to do this? No one knows. Only the fact of the miracle remains.

No proof is needed to prove that it is not the hardening of the skin, but the change in its color which protects it from sunburn—is an easy matter.

Let a pale person, unused to the sun, stain one side of his face yellow, and, leaving the other side untouched, go out in the bright summer sun for a couple of hours. The face that is pale is no tougher, no more hardened than the other, yet the unstained side will be inflamed, blistered, while the tan-colored one will be quite cool and unhurt.

Sunburn is a miracle, a protection to mankind, as inexplicable and as wonderful as the miracle of the arctic animals' change in the winter from dark coats to snow-white ones.

HOW SHAM GEMS ARE MANUFACTURED

Among all precious stones few are so extensively imitated as the pearl.

The real article is a silvery white, iridescent gem, extracted from the pearl oyster. The genuine pearl is really an unfructified egg of the oyster.

The imitation is produced by a chemical process. The liquor employed in the manufacture is called "essence d'Orient." The base of this compound is prepared by throwing into water of ammonia the brilliant scales of a small river fish called the blay.

The scales are first carefully washed and put to soak in water, when the pearly-like film falls away and forms a sediment at the bottom of the vessel. This sediment is worth to the manufacturer its weight in silver.

White wax of mucilage or gum arabic forms part of the mixture proper for the more important and expensive imitations, such as those made to imitate the rare Oriental pearls which fetch fabulous prices.

The emerald is another stone which is cleverly imitated. A perfect emerald is the rarest stone in the world, though the trade ranks it after the ruby and the diamond. The best emeralds come from Peru, the imitations from France, and a few from Birmingham. The real article becomes electric by friction, and herein lies the difference between it and the imitation.

WHISKY FOR THE FEET.

"In my early days I was a sprinter," said Capt. Swann, of the British steamship Anglo-Chilean, now in port, "and I kept it up long after I went to sea whenever there was an occasion to try out the stiffness of my joints ashore. I am a good walker because of having always used whisky in my boots whenever I felt uneasy about my feet. It is not a new idea, but one I learned when a young man.

"I remember when I was spending a time ashore in Scotland I went on a walking trip and stopped at a 'pub' in the Highlands and asked for the usual ration of 'the best.' In Scotland the portion is not mean. I took off my shoes and poured one-half of the measure into one shoe and the remainder into the other. The publican expressed his horror at the wasting of such valuable liquor on a man's feet, but as I had paid his price it was none of his business about the desecration of the liquor.

"I can say to any man who walks much that if he uses whisky on his feet, as I have explained, and not in his stomach, he will find refreshment which will increase his ambition and enable him to walk with a freshness which was unknown before the application."—Baltimore Sun.

A FATHER SONG.

Must all thy songs be mother songs,
My bonny baby boy?
Do poets write no other songs,
That father's name employ?
Why, then, I'll right the monstrous wrong,
Come, boy, and hear thy daddy's song.

But first a toss high in the air,
To hear his merry shout,
And then a tickle here and there,
To bring the dimples out,
And then a romp upon the bed,
O precious little tousle head.

Now, then, wee barefoot boy, take care!
Run swiftly o'er the floor,
And father'll be a bruin bear,
And growl and bite and paw!
Why bless us boy, what flimsy stuff!
Dad's song is rag-time, sure enough.

There, now of play we've had our fill,
'Tis cuddle time, I know.
(How very bright his eyes are still!)
"Hush, baby mine, by-low!"
Come, come, you little rascal you,
Dad's had enough of peek-a-boo!

Hush, hush, my boy, to sleep with thee!
(I wish his mammy'd come!)
Thy father'll turn into a bee,
If longer he must hum.
Ah, well, to lull a child to rest,
A mother's song perchance is best.
—Pauline Frances Camp, in the Boston Transcript.

The Sunday School.

A SETBACK TO REFORM.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 30 is "Manasseh's Sin and Repentance."—2 Chron. 33:1-13.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The great plains of western America do not typify life. The latter is not a dead level. It has its ups and downs. History is a succession of mountain ranges, valleys and short stretches of plain. Progress is not a steady rise upward. It is interrupted by many declines and depressions. Reform is voted in today and voted out tomorrow.

Hezekiah reigned righteously, and it seemed as if wickedness was at an end; but his young son Manasseh succeeded him, and all the old evils came trooping back into power again, reinforced. It seemed at the moment, ten-fold. The lesson of this experience of old Judah is one with the lesson for today; for good people everywhere need to learn, perhaps first of all not to grow discouraged. Most of the triumphs of evil are due to the weariness of the good. Through the jaundiced eye of the discouraged reformer it may seem that "Truth is forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne." With better vision, however, he would learn that—

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

A Boy in Peril.

Why should strong fathers so often have weakling sons? Primarily, perhaps because a hot-house is a poor place to grow boys. Fathers who have achieved often make it easy for their sons. The latter are kept out of the school in which the parents learned their most important lessons. It is the rare father who fully realizes "it is good for man to bear the yoke in his youth." Yet that boy who is not brought to school to discipline, who has not learned the significance of "must" and to whom duty is an unknown force, is a boy in serious peril.

The worst fact about the good king Hezekiah was his son, Manasseh. For one thing he had come to power too early;

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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LACE CURTAIN PREMIUMS

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in August.

We cannot offer a more satisfactory premium for clubs this season than the lace curtains which have proved so satisfactory in connection with our club offers of the past three years. More than twenty thousand of our subscribers have had curtains from us for clubs, and they wish us to supply them again this season. The manufacturers have our orders for a largely increased number to be delivered us during eight months, beginning with September, 1905.

Each curtain is 29 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and two curtains (or one pair) are sent postpaid by mail to each person awarded on terms stated below. They are described as Number 2961. We have them all made the exact same pattern, in order that those who desire to obtain additional pairs may have them match their first award.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of some half dozen or more propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to Proposition No. 3, will receive a pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By August 1st the many subscribers expiring during August should have our propositions. Each and every one should renew under one of the propositions, and at least 1,000 of the number should send us a club, for which we are prepared to meet the award with 1,000 pairs of curtains. You will notice that first now we make this offer to August subscribers only, and thirty days later the September people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration, giving us orders with such regularity that we may be prepared to meet them promptly.

We shall give all an opportunity during their expiration month. Should any August subscribers fail, for any reason, to get the proposition by August third, they will please write us for a duplicate. And also please remember that unless one of the propositions be accepted before September 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because beginning that date we deal with September subscribers only. We look for a renewal of every August name, and an equal number of new ones.

Peary's mascot is a gray cat. Hope it will come back.

The treasury deficit is now $24,000,000. It shows no signs of a leak.

The Chicago strike has finally ended for what is believed to be the last time.

Success to Peary, and may he not get any splinters from the pole in his fingers.

King Alfonso announces that he is not ready to marry. He hasn't found the girl yet.

The sultan is congratulating himself that the aim of the bomb-thrower is often bad.

All United States senators should not be condemned as dishonest because a few are caught.

After a strike is ended the leader never spends much time looking for work for his followers.

The "bitter end" of a strike is where the strikers go in search of their old jobs and can't find them.

From now on it will take a pretty funny story from Mr. Depew to make the Equitable policy holders laugh.

Senator Depew will have a difficult time proving that his advice was worth $20,000 a year to the Equitable.

Iowa has 40,000 fewer women than men. A bachelor tax in that state would look like cruel oppression.

Lots of sensible men drive automobiles, but they go so slow that they don't attract as much attention as the fools.

There probably isn't any more grafting in the country now than before, but more people are getting caught at it.

Senator Depew seems to have been one of those kind of peaches that has its beauty enhanced by a pink peekaboo covering.

It would be interesting to have Governor-Senator Lafollette's opinion of the style in which Secretary Root wears his hair.

Governor LaFollette objects to six men controlling the country. He is convinced that there should at least be seven.

Secretary Taft is perfectly safe in going away. Presidential booms will not grow very large during this kind of weather.

The destruction of that American flag in Canada was not serious. The fellows who did it no doubt felt sorry after they got sober.

TO CHECK THE DEFICIT; ONE WAY POINTED OUT

A number of newspapers treat lightly the idea that the government deficit can be wiped out or even reduced by the practice of economy. They argue this great country cannot help but increase its expenditures, and the only thing to do is to provide for greater receipts. But are any of them rash enough to admit that some departments of the government cannot be better managed?

The deficit in our revenues for the fiscal year will approximate $25,000,000. For the same period the deficit in the postoffice department will be more than $14,000,000, therefore more than one-half the entire shortage can be traced to this one branch of the government.

Mr. Henry A. Castle, formerly auditor for the postoffice department, and fully informed as to the methods employed, has contributed an interesting article to Harper's Weekly in which he makes some suggestions which might be profitably considered by congress when it meets and takes up the deficit problem.

Mr. Castle says the government is paying the railroads an excessive sum for carrying the mails. This sum amounts yearly to $40,000,000, while the roads will carry the same amount of express for $4,000,000. Concerning this excessive rate Mr. Castle says:

As evidence that the government is taxed excessively by the railroads for transporting its mails, the following comparative figures have recently been given: The average charge by railway companies for mail matter is $1.17 per ton per mile on a minimum of 200 pounds a day; 8 cents on a daily average of 5,000 pounds, and 5.8 cents on each additional 2,000 pounds average. But the express companies will carry for patrons 100 pounds 1,000 miles for $3.50, which is 7 cents per ton per mile, and the railroads themselves carry 100 pounds of freight 1,000 miles for from $1 down to 35 cents, or from 2 cents down to the fraction .7 cent per ton per mile. And passengers are individually ticketed, including 100 pounds of baggage free, at what will approximate 16 cents per ton per mile.

There has been no reduction in the rate paid to railroads for carrying mail since 1878, although operating expenses have been greatly lessened, while freight rates are one-third what they were at that time.

Mr. Castle shows that in France the railroads carry the mail free. In Germany the railroads haul one mail car free and all others at actual cost. The same regulations prevail in Austria. Italy pays nothing to railroads for carrying mail, neither does Belgium, while in England the railroads receive about one-ninth the amount paid by Uncle Sam. In short, this government pays more money to railroads for carrying mail than is paid by all the countries of Europe.

Another expensive item to the government, as pointed out by Mr. Castle, is the free mail facilities enjoyed by the various departments, which he believes aggregates $15,000,000 yearly. Concerning the abuse of thefranking privilege he says:

Every branch and department of the government loads the transmission of its mail matter, legitimate and illegitimate, on the postal service. Congressmen and the departments not only send free of postage letters, reports, speeches and all kinds of so-called "public documents," but often shipments of machinery, fireproof safes and other articles scarcely less ponderous than pig iron, on the pretext that they are in some mysterious way connected with the public business.

The franking abuse leads directly to the "free seed" graft and to the printing of thousands of tons of useless public documents—all of which is an enormous burden on the Treasury, aside from the cost of transportation. In brief, our present loose-leaf scheme of postal franking is dangerous, corrupting and enormously expensive.

Mr. Castle also takes up second-class mail matter and shows how the government is tricked out of millions each year. Of course the greatest shortage is in the free rural delivery branch of the service, the deficit there approximating $16,000,000, while he figures a loss of $2,500,000 yearly on small money orders.

It does seem that the postoffice department should be made at least self-supporting, and this, too, in view of the fact that last year Great Britain had a surplus in her mail service of $22,000,000 and Germany $15,000,000.

It looks as if Uncle Sam is a poor manager, so far as the business of this department is concerned, and if Mr. Castle is correct, and the presumption is that he is correct, then congress has a prolific field in which to work in reducing the deficit without even thinking of the unpopular scheme of establishing a war tax in times of peace.

QUIET WEEK OF WAR.

The most important news of activities in connection with war in Manchuria, during the past week, is the landing of the Japanese north of Vladivostok, revealing their undoubted purpose to open a siege. Upon the heels of this report came the rumor that the czar has ordered the mobilization of four more army corps, and that he has sent an encouraging message to Linevitch promising him more men. In the meantime preparations for the peace conference have remained undisturbed. M. Witte has left St. Petersburg, en route for America, and Baron Komura has arrived from Japan. An early date in August, it is believed, will bring the meeting of the envoys at Portsmouth.

An incident that has created a stir in diplomatic circles and is fruitful of much gossip, is the meeting between the czar and Emperor William, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. What does it mean? The question is open to conjecture and many interpretations, but the most plausible reason is the German emperor's desire to reassure the czar of his friendship and moral support. The meeting has caused some disquietude in England, and the London newspapers are discussing probable and improbable reasons for it. It is pretty generally agreed that the interview was of Emperor William's seeking, whatever the subject he may have wished to discuss with the czar.

So far as the war has been directly concerned, the past week has been one of pretty general quiet.

CLEVELAND'S CLOSEST FRIEND

Daniel Scott Lamont is dead, and with his demise there passed from life a man who for several years was a potent factor in the political life of the country. Lamont began work as a newspaper man, and when 30 years old was well known in the field of political correspondence. He was doing newspaper work in Albany when Grover Cleveland was governor of New York.

When Cleveland became president in 1885 Lamont was made his secretary, and in that position he wielded his first influence in national politics. The President consulted him as freely as he did his cabinet officers, and the former newspaper man became a national figure.

To Lamont more than to any other one man Mr. Cleveland believed he owed his second election to the presidency, and in that second term the private secretary was made a cabinet officer and took charge of the portfolio of war. Throughout the Cleveland regime he proved himself a clever manipulator of political wires and the name of Lamont was as familiar to the country as that of Cleveland.

He was as successful in business as in politics, became vice president of the Northern Pacific Railway company, and now he is dead while yet a young man.

WILL BENEFIT ALL.

Public interest in the management of life insurance companies has greatly increased during the past few months, and the action of the New York legislature in selecting a committee to investigate all the life insurance companies of that state meets with approval the country over, as it is certain to lead to some reforms which will be beneficial to policy holders and to all reputable companies.

The revelations made through the explosion in the Equitable have started discussions as to the management of life insurance companies in general and those doing business in New York state in particular. There is a feeling that, perhaps, conditions which existed in the Equitable may prevail elsewhere. Therefore the investigation by the legislature is timely. If there is anything wrong with the other New York companies it will be brought to the surface. While the house-cleaning is going on, let it be thorough.

A legislative investigation will open the way for wholesome reforms. Following the inquiry will come recommendations for such legislation as will better safeguard the interests of the policy holders. Other states will profit by New York's experience, and the result will be better insurance laws and better management of insurance companies.

SIEGE OF VLADIVOSTOK.

The news that the Japanese have landed troops north of Vladivostok does not come unexpectedly. Every step the mikado's men have made since the beginning of hostilities has turned out to have been a part of a thoroughly developed plan. Characteristic Japanese silence has eneveloped the movements and possible intentions of Oyama's army since the battle of Mukden. It was known that he did not move on toward Harbin, but it develops that there was no want of activity. Vladivostok, and not Harbin, was his objective point.

The Japanese want Vladivostok for various reasons, and it is unquestionably a part of a well studied plan to take it. Its possession will be advantageous in the negotiations for peace, but Japan doubtless looks beyond the peace parley in planning to take the town. To safeguard herself against future Russian aggression she must have Vladivostok. It is an important naval station and the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian railroad. In the early part of the war the Japanese bombarded the town, but inflicted no damage. The harbor is surrounded by hills, which are well fortified, but the general supposition is that the defenses are not so strong as those of Port Arthur, which withstood Nogi's hammering process for six months. Can Vladivostok show a strength equal to that of Port Arthur, winter will overtake the besiegers before they can complete a capture of the place. Russia has had ample time in which to bring additional guns and supply the town with provisions, but it is not known that this has been done. Anyhow the Japanese doubtless have a thorough knowledge of the situation, and are in a position to understand the nature of the task they have set themselves. They do not rush blindly into the work of war. It is not probable that General Linevitch will be able to interfere with the besiegers. Oyama can spare 100,000 men for the siege and still retain a strength sufficient to keep Linevitch away.

This movement is significant of Japan's intention to continue the aggressive, that she will not sit around and twiddle her fingers while the peace plenipotentiaries are parleying.

SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT.

Elihu Root has taken the oath of office and assumed the duties of secretary of state to succeed the late John Hay. Mr. Root becomes premier of the Roosevelt administration with not only the respect but the full confidence of the people of the United States and of the civilized world. His ability is recognized everywhere while his public and private life are without blemish.

Mr. Root is the type of man Americans delight to see in high official position. Fearless, able, patriotic, he gives tone to the public service, and his recent letter to Mayor Weaver shows him to be far above the plane of petty partisanship.

Mr. Root's appointment is as favorably received abroad as at home, as note what the London Spectator says:

We note with great satisfaction that Mr. Root succeeds Mr. Hay as secretary of state. The appointment is an excellent one, and insures that the work of the sate department will be carried on in the spirit of firmness, tact and good sense which always inspired it during Mr. Hay's tenure of office. Mr. Root is one of the lawyer statesmen of whom America has shown so many brilliant examples. He held the post of secretary of war in Mr. Roosevelt's first administration, and it fell to his lot to preside over the reconstruction of the administration of the Philippines—a task of extreme difficulty which he performed with great skill. Mr. Root also remodeled the American army. The personal sacrifice made by Mr. Root is one which, we venture to say, would be made by few men. It is understood that he is making an income of £40,000 a year at the New York bar. His salary in Washington will be £1,200 a year—about enough to hire a house in that very expensive capital sufficient for the entertaining which a member of the cabinet is bound to undertake.

The Blade predicts for Secretary Root as brilliant a record as that of his distinguished predecessor.

PUBLIC GRAFTING.

It does not follow that because graft was found in the department of the interior and in the postoffice dedepartment and rumors of scandal in the department of agriculture, nor because within the past few months crookedness has been unearthed in some of the states and many cities—it does not follow because of these disclosures that public officials are more corrupt and that graft is more general at this time than in the past.

It does follow, however, that there is a vigorous effort to discover, drive out and punish the grafters, and this is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.

In this work President Roosevelt is setting a pace which is becoming quite the thing in many cities and states. The President, in common with all good citizens, is humiliated to know that men in the public service will prostitute their positions for private gain, but it is Roosevelt's purpose to use the probe and the scourge until the government departments are cleansed.

The position taken by President Roosevelt has stiffened the backbones of executives all over the country and has resulted in a moral awakening which is bearing good fruit. There is a growing disposition to trace down crime in high places. It is becoming difficult to hide public grafting and the grafter need expect little mercy when caught. The reform wave is spreading, and while it augurs bad for the grafters, it means great good to the people.

It is the spirit of President Roosevelt that is abroad.

OSTRACISM OF THE ONION.

Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion?
—Prior.

Thus singeth the poet.

The Alliance of Women's Clubs of Portsmouth, Ohio, in extraordinary session, has hurled four whereases and one resolution at the onion. It is denounced as a noxious herb, unfit to be admitted to polite society. But can this denunciation accomplish the ostracism of a vegetable that is as old as the Egyptians themselves? We trow not; but the effort is worthy of some attention. From time immemorial the onion has been a favorite article of food. Can a band of club women relegate it to the rear, as it were? The Israelites sighed for it. Numbers xi-5: "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." That is the only place in the Bible where love of the onion is recorded, but it is sufficient.

It is this onion of ancient biblical history that the club women of Portsmouth propose to put out of business. They even go so far as to indulge themselves in prophecy, and say that "in the higher civilization the onion will be grown only to furnish specimens for botanical collections, where it will be classed with the noxious herbs of the lily family."

But what are the facts? Instead of being driven out by civilization, the onion has kept pace with it, and has spread to all countries occupied by civilized man. In this country onion culture has become a great industry; it is one of the market gardener's staples, and is the tuneless and wordless "Home, Sweet Home" of the man behind the domestic hoe. The Portsmouth club women need not go outside their own state to get an idea of the vast growth of the onion of commerce. If they will put clothespins on their pretty noses and visit Hardin county, they will find thousands of acres of reclaimed marsh lands luxuriant with the "noxious herb." Owners of these lands have become wealthy, mingle in good society, and their money is accepted by churches and charities without the suspicion of "taint."

Away with prophecy! There is the possibility that the onion may become a social outcast—we do not argue that it has a place in society—but it will never be kept out of the soup or the hash; it will occasionally creep into the sandwich, and will always be roasted, stewed and fried, as the taste of the onion lover may dictate. In this fight the odds are in favor of the onion.

EXECUTING CRIMINAL LAWS.

The country continues to talk about the remarkable address delivered a few weeks ago by Secretary Taft before the graduating class of the Yale law school on the administration of the criminal law. That speech, delivered in Mr. Taft's forceful manner has been commended and picked to pieces according to the personal views of lawyers and others.

Secretary Taft charged to the failure of the jury system the increased number of murders in this country and advocated patterning after English justice where, although that system is retained, the judge retains complete control over the method by which counsel tries a criminal case.

The laws governing criminal procedure undoubtedly need revision. As Secretary Taft says, because of the virtual effacement of the judge and the interminable technical appeals the guilty man has about eighty chances out of a hundred to escape.

No less an authority than Justice Brewer is on record as championing the abolishment of appeals in criminal cases, except when that right is clearly established.

Statistics now being compiled by the census bureau, and which will soon be published, show that in the last twenty years there have been 131,951 murders and homicides in the country, while for the same period there have been but 2,286 executions. The percentage of murders has increased far more rapidly than the growth of population. In 1885 the number of murders was 1808 and the number of legal executions 108, while in 1904 there were 8,482 murders and only 116 executions. In 1885 there was one execution for every seventeen murders, and in 1904 there was one execution for every seventy-three murders.

The increase in crime, which is not confined alone to murder, should arrest the attention of every good citizen. That something is wrong there can be no doubt.

Look back over the past twenty years of history in Lucas county. Think of the many murders which have been committed and then when it is realized that in all that time but two men have paid the highest penalty there can be little wonder that crime flourishes and the criminal element feels safe!

What is true of Toledo holds good in other communities. What the country needs is not more law, but the prompt enforcement of existing statutes. When crime is committed let conviction and punishment quickly follow and let not technalicalities delay the execution of justice.

If in order to bring about such a condition, it is necessary to revolutionize our method of criminal procedure let the work begin at once that the carnival of crime may be checked.

WITTE TO JAPAN.

M. Witte, Russia's chief plenipotentiary at the peace conference, has spoken to the American people through the Associated Press. Of course M. Witte had in view the effect his interview might have on Japan. He makes it clear that personally he is for peace and that he is a member of the peace party of Russia. But he also says he is acting as the representative of the czar and will follow out the wishes of his monarch.

M. Witte serves notice on Japan that Russia is not at the end of her resources and that she will not accept peace at any price, but that it must come without humiliation to Russia and without the sacrifice of Russian honor. Unless such terms are acceptable M. Witte declares there is little doubt that the war will be continued.

M. Witte is a clever diplomat. His interview was carefully worded to have its effect on Japan. But will it? If Russia can continue the war so can Japan. The advantage is all with the latter country and Russia need not expect to get off with a small indemnity.

After all, the result of the conference will depend on the attitude of the czar. There is no telling what that potentate will do. As likely as not he will disagree to the plans which would meet the approval of his own commissioners.

EVIDENCE OF GOOD TIMES.

The tide of prosperity is not ebbing if the action of the railroads may be taken as a barometer of business. It is estimated that the Pittsburg mills are behind 30,000 tons of steel rails for which they have accepted orders from the railroads, while orders for 40,000 more tons are trying to be placed for delivery not later than the end of September. The mills of the steel corporation cannot fill present orders by the end of the year.

Railroads cannot spend so much money on improvements unless they are doing a big business, and the size of the business depends on the prosperous condition of the country.

THE BENNINGTON HORROR.

Peace hath her disasters no less terrible than war. The mishaps to Uncle Sam's navy seem to come in times of peace. The destruction of the gunboat Bennington yesterday was a national tragedy, for not only was the vessel wrecked but practically all the ship's company were killed or wounded.

Of course there will be an inquiry into the cause of the accident. This investigation will not restore life and limb, but it may place the responsibility and lead to safeguards which will prevent a repetition of the disaster. Why were the Bennington's boilers permitted to get into such a condition, and why were repairs not made when reported to the navy department last October?

COCKRELL'S "HIGH HOPES."

Ex-Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, in an interview shows himself to be a simon-pure Democrat for he has already won a Democratic victory in the presidential campaign of 1908. He says he does not know who will be the Democratic candidate, neither does he know what the issues will be, but he has "an abiding faith in Democracy" and believes it will be victorious that year.

Democratic victories are always won years and months before elections. The Democrat is a hopeful animal. He is always predicting success, and a series of failures extending over many years does not dampen his enthusiasm. When the ballots are counted there is always a different story, but he at once tells how it will be different at the next election.

It is good to see an old man like Mr. Cockrell so optimistic, even if his optimism is not tempered with judgment.

The railroads of the country killed 909 and injured 14,397 persons during the first three months of 1905. There are nine months left in which to reduce the average for the whole year, and that should be one of the objects of every man who has any connection with railroads.

Senator Depew is going to call on King Edward. He believes that kings should have the pleasure of seeing a great man now and then.

The Russian peace envoys will get $200 a day for their services, and if they get the better of the Japs they will have earned every cent of it.

Senator Stone of Missouri says "Tom Lawson is a fake." Stone was the first to say it, but John D. Rockefeller probably thought of it first.

Kansas reports the killing of a rattlesnake seventeen feet long. It is not strange, after all, that a saloon is occasionally dynamited in that state.

Rojestvensky says dishonest contractors are responsible for his defeat. Nevertheless the general public will incline to the belief that Togo had something to do with it.

Senator Platt thinks his life has not been worth while. He doesn't seem to reflect that he might have done much worse.

A Berlin physician says he has discovered a medicine that will cure every kind of disease. Still the druggists will continue to tell us they have something equally as good.

In Mr. Witte's talk about Russia continuing the war for years, if Japan's peace terms are severe, he gave no intimation as to where the money is to come from.

If Vladivostok wants to please the audience it will arrange to have its fall occur on as early date as consistent.

Honors paid the body of John Paul Jones are all that he could wish for were he in a position to appreciate them.

The south is not worrying about increased immigration. It is more concerned about getting a few hundred thousand men to work in the fields, and would not object to immigrants.

The anti-graft crusade that is sweeping the country should result in the creation of a lot of good positions for honest men.

Mr. Peary's present trip is the seventh he has made in search of the north pole, and he starts out with more confidence than ever before. That is the sort of pluck that wins. Perhaps if he doesn't find the pole he will discover something equally as good.

The czar's appointment of Witte to negotiate peace with Japan is universally commended as one of the most sensible things he has done since the beginning of the war. Perhaps his wife thought of it for him.

Before selling their Standard Oil stock, as Mr. Lawson advises, some people may want to know if he is in the market.

China may get angry enough, under certain circumstances, to slam that open door.

TROPHY FOR BEST NAVAL MARKSMAN

TROPHY OF EXCELLENCE IN NAVAL
GUNNERY PRESENTED BY DIRECTION
OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
TO THE VESSEL MAKING THE
HIGHEST SCORE IN HER CLASS AT
THE ANNUAL RECORD TARGET PRACTICE

PHOTO BY DREYER.

A bronze tablet showing in relief the crew of a six-inch gun in action has been formally accepted by the navy department as the trophy to be awarded to the vessel of the cruiser class which excelled others of the same type in the recent target practice held off Pensacola. The trophy, which measures 15 by 25 inches, was designed by H. Reuterdahl, a well known marine artist, and modelled by H. Parker.

The records of the practice have not yet been made public, but it is believed that the trophy will be awarded to the cruiser Newark.

Current Events.

Japan believes Russia is insincere in its peace intentions.

Final report of department of agriculture on tobacco acreage shows decrease in the amount.

Indiana farmers' wives strike, limit threshing crews to "cold grub" and imperil the wheat crop.

Justice Brewer, in an address at Milwaukee says the prevalence of graft in public life is a menace.

Election officials of Philadelphia are held in bail on the charge of ballot box stuffing and conspiracy.

Boy of 13 years and woman of 29, wife of an Ypsilanti, Mich., builder, disappear and elopement is charged.

New York lawyer-inventor proposes to fly from Riverside drive to New Jersey with his newly invented aerostat.

Governor Folk indignant when he learns that the two St. Louis politicians sentenced to the penitentiary are living outside the walls in luxury.

British government is beaten in the commons on a motion to reduce the Irish land commission, and the fate of the ministry is in doubt.

City National bank of Kansas City, which held paper of C. J. Devlin to the amount of $100,000, is closed by the comptroller of the currency.

Will of John Hay, the late secretary of state, filed in Washington, leaves bulk of estate to the widow and remainder to his brothers and sister.

Two Yale students who started from Brooklyn on a tramp are forced to go to work on John Jacob Astor's farm in order to earn money to continue.

Wife of Capt. John D. G. Oglesby, member of the legislature and son of former Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, sues for divorce, charging desertion.

Steamer Kearsarge accidentally rams a bridge over Milwaukee river, wrecking the structure and tying up a big fleet of lake boats, they being unable to pass.

New York excursion boat strikes a rock near the point where the Slocum disaster took place, and is run ashore with its panic-stricken passengers a mile away.

Hereafter all crop reports made by the department of agriculture will be compiled by a statistical board, which will tabulate the figures on the day the report is to be sent out.

Governor Higgins yields to public opinion and submits insurance affairs to the New York legislature, which promptly orders a thorough investigation, with a view to revision of the state laws.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, in an address at the Little Falls Chautauqua, declares that the nation needs a new baptism in civic honesty, and if present chances are neglected a dismal defeat awaits.

The chief, secretary and a captain of the Milwaukee fire department are indicted on charges of bribing state legislators to vote for a bill in which they were interested. In all, fourteen men are indicted in latest batch of true bills.

Walter Wellman says that President Roosevelt will urge congress to decide on some plan for the federal supervision of life insurance companies. Leading lawyers already are endeavoring to work out a measure that would be constitutional.

Paul Morton summarily dismisses Thomas D. Jordan, comptroller of the Equitable Life Assurance society for withholding information, and at the same time the New York bank examiner begins a searching examination of the books of the Mercantile Trust company.

FINDS OF GOLD OUT WEST

Sudden Strokes of Fortune That Come to Prospectors.

Every state or territory in which gold and silver have been found in any quantity has its stories of discoveries which, while they seem like romances when told, are examples of the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Montana furnishes several of the more interesting.

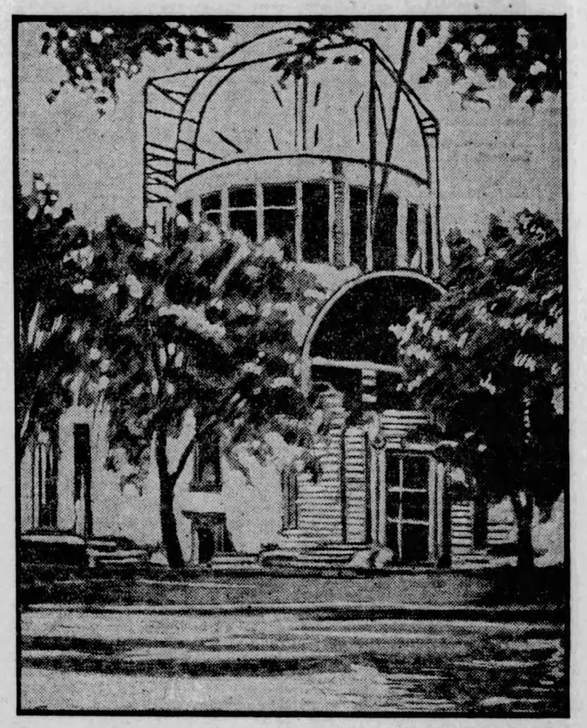
Every prospector in the Rocky mountains has probably heard the tale of how Tom Cruise discovered the great Drum Lomond mine. For years the old miner had been sluicing out the gold in the bed of a creek a few miles from Helena. Some days he secured less than a dollar's worth, and other days five times as much. The uncertainty was discouraging, but he had experience enough to know that the ledge from which the gold had been washed must be somewhere in the vicinity, so he explored the valley, but without result. Then he climbed the sides for hundreds of feet. At last he saw a projection which was apparently rock covered with earth and leaves. A few digs with the shovel laid bare the outcropping of the ore vein which was to become one of the most famous in the world.

Montana also contains the Granite mountain mine, which was supposed to consist of surface ore. The shrewd superintendent noted indications which led him to believe another ore body lay beneath. The mine owners, however, disagreed with him, and he began investigation for himself when the veins appeared to be exhausted. On the very day he received a telegram to abandon the claim he made the discoverey of the lode beneath. The telegram he sent to his employers caused them to give him carte blanche in the way of spending their money to reach the ore. It is a matter of history that the wealth of this mine has erected some of the finest building in St. Louis, where the owners invested their profits.

In the long list of accidental discoveries which have made fortunes either for the discoverers or others to whom they divulged their secret, that of Park City will always occupy a prominent place. It was not always termed Park City, and many of the miners in Utah to this day still call it Parley's park, its original name. Sitting on a ledge of rock to rest, a prospector began knocking away at the surface with his pick without thought that its point was entering a mass of silver ore which has since been mined for over ten years. Noting the glitter of the fragments, he took them to the nearest town and had them assayed—more out of curiosity than otherwise, for apparently they contained too much of the white metal for it to be genuine. The assay showed no less than twelve pounds of silver to the ton.

News of the discovery soon spread, and openings were made from which ore yielding over 3,000,000 pounds of pure silver has thus far been taken, and no one knows how much more lies in the bowels of the hills.—The Pilgrim.

Last Resting Place of John Paul Jones



With most impressive ceremony accompanied by the highest naval honors, the body of John Paul Jones, on its arrival in this country, is to be inurned in the crypt of the magnificent new chapel now nearing completion at the Annapolis naval academy. Special Ambassador Loomis, flanked by Admiral Sigsbee and a brilliantly uniformed staff, will present the remains of the great admiral to the land for which he did so much valorous service, and they will be received with a naval salute and a specially prepared funeral service. The new chapel, a central feature of the reconstructed naval academy group of buildings recently ordered by congress at a cost of many millions, rises on the water front with a massive dome for its inspiration, the architecture of the whole being not unlike the Hotel d'Invalides of Paris, in which rest the remains of the great Napoleon. The crypt of the chapel is intended for a last resting place of the bones of the nation's naval heroes.

ENORMOUS FLAG HUNG IN DENVER.

LARGEST AMERICAN FLAG IS HUNG OUT IN DENVER.

Denver, July 22.—The largest American flag in the world was hung out for the first time on the Sixteenth street front of the Daniels & Fisher Stores company.

When the question came up as to the proper decoration for the Grand Army encampment and the other meetings of the summer, it was decided to investigate the subject of big American flags, and it was found that it was possible to make and display on the front of the building the largest American flag in the world.

At first the plan was to erect a pole on the corner of the roof of the building and swing it from that. But calculations showed that the weight would be so great that no pole strong enough could be obtained. So it was then decided to swing it from the top of the building.

It remained up during the Epworth League convention, and will be shown again for the Eagles and the Grand Army veterans. It has been arranged with the bandmasters who accompany the various state and local organizations to play "The Star Spangled Banner" on passing the flag.

The dimensions of it are: Length, 115 feet; width, 55 feet; stars, two feet across; width of stripes, 4 feet 2 inches; yards of bunting used, 1,450; union field, 28 by 53 feet; weight of the flag, 450 pounds.

CLIMATE AND CONSUMPTION

Tuberculosis Treatment Said Not to Require Change of Habitation.

In our own post-graduate hospital, says the Post Graduate, we have established a fact which will finally obtain general acceptance, namely, that it is not necessary to seek a particular climate for the treatment of tuberculosis; that a patient in the top story of a New York house in the middle of winter, in bed, with the windows wide open, with proper feeding, may recover from tuberculosis; and in our ambulance service, and in our annex in Nineteenth street, we are accumulating the proof of this every day. At the national meeting of the American congress for the study of tuberculosis it was with great difficulty that the now antiquated belief that a particular climate was necessary for the cure of tuberculosis, as presented in a report from a southern physician, received the sanction of the congress. This was done only by a small majority, a large minority apparently having the opinion that we have just stated. We predict that at the next annual meeting of the tuberculosis congress the minority will be on the other side, and it will be firmly established that the opinion of the medical profession is that climate has very little to do with the cure of tuberculosis.

FINE SILVER TABLEWARE

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED FOR TEN YEARS

"Wild Rose"—A Sterling Silver Design

The primary feature of this pattern, which we are now offering for the first time, is its extreme beauty of design. The great popularity of a floral pattern in the French gray finish among the users of high-grade silverware is well known, but the serious error of most manufacturers has been in seeking after ornamentation at the expense of simplicity and a natural design. Since the production of this pattern there has been established a reputation for artistic designs which has placed these goods in a class by themselves. Appreciating the fact that the American housewife today makes style the very first consideration in selecting goods for her home, we have met this demand by giving the very utmost attention to the artistic side of this silverware, for true art is the prime requisite in creating anything stylish or of lasting beauty.

We believe there has been nothing created in the line of silverware heretofore that surpasses this design in real beauty. It requires an expert to tell the difference between these spoons and the regular sterling ware that costs seven dollars and fifty cents for a set of six spoons. This ware is absolutely guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear and give perfect satisfaction under ordinary circumstances for a period of ten years, and any defect within that time will be made good.

Now, in this latest pattern, the "Wild Rose," we feel that we have something even more beautiful than any designs yet offered at such low prices. It has met with the most enthusiastic praise from expert judges, being pronounced equal to the best sterling in artistic design and the working out of a unitary conception. In it you have a representation of the growing wild rose carried out to the minutest detail, with back design to match the face, and the whole effect is that of the very best sterling silver, and we feel sure that you will say it is the handsomest you ever saw. Sent prepaid.

This is the best silverware offer ever made by The Blade, and every subscriber should take advantage of it.

We Offer These Goods to You in Two Ways

First—Without a subscription to The Blade. This is for the benefit of those who have just renewed their subscription:

One-half dozen Teaspoons	$1.00
One-half dozen Dessertspoons	1.50
One-half dozen Tablespoons	1.60
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box	.80
Berry Spoon	.90
Gravy Ladle	.85
Cold Meat Fork	.60

Second—Combination offer for the benefit of those who desire to order these goods in connection with their subscription to The Weekly Blade:

One-half dozen Teaspoons and Weekly Blade, one year	$1.10
One-half dozen Dessertspoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.60
One-half dozen Tablespoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.70
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Berry Spoon and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Gravy Ladle and Weekly Blade one year	90c
Cold Meat Fork and Weekly Blade one year	65c

You have never before had an opportunity to purchase silverware, warranted for ten years, at such prices as we have named above.

SPECIAL—If you will send us 12c and the names of four or more ladies who are not now taking the Weekly Blade, we will send you one of these handsome Wild Rose Teaspoons. It makes a very pretty souvenir spoon.

THE BLADE, - - - - TOLEDO, OHIO

Cut Paper Patterns

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6316-6530—Models for Petticoat and Corset Cover.

The desire for dainty underwear is a distinctly feminine trait and few women are entirely content without some nice lingerie. Dainty does not mean elaborate—on the contrary, some of the finest imported garments are without adornment,

having simplicity and fine workmanship as their hallmark of quality. This corset cover is a simple, sensible model, having a low round neck and plenty of fullness over the bust. It is in one piece and fastens in front with small buttons or tie strings. A fine beading run with white ribbon and edged with a full narorw lace form a pretty finish. If more work is to be put upon it, the neck might be buttonholed and small eyelets made through which to run ribbon. The neck might be drawn up in this manner with a result far more individual and attractive. The cover is finished at the lower edge by a peplum, which is circular in shape, thus insuring a smooth fit over the hips.

The petticoat is a five-gored model finished with a circular flounce and several ruffles. This will serve as a suggestion for the new petticoat, as it can be made up in any petticoat material and will admit of various modes of trimming. For warm weather wear the natural colored linen or madras are very serviceable, as are also pongee, silk or moreen for cooler weather.

Two patterns—6316, in 6 sizes, 32 to 42-inch bust; 6530, in 6 sizes—20 to 30 waist.

6324—Three Coat Collars.

There was never a time when the feminine wardrobe was so enriched with dainty accessories as now. The rising of the bust line has introduced the deep girdles which add so greatly to the trig appearance of the figure. The fulness of the sleeve rising from below to above the elbow has given us the deep cuff sets which match charming chemisettes and collars. Not least among these fetching accoutrements are the separate lingerie coat collars which every matron and maid must own and which, like the rest, cost money unless one will ply the needle and fashion them herself. This, any woman or girl can do without difficulty, and she will find her collars far more individual and attractive than those which are to be purchased at no small cost. The first of these shown is of two parts—the front revers being made separate from the rolling collar. It is meant to be worn with a single-breasted coat, and is an unusually attractive model. It may be made of eyelet embroidered linen with stitched bands of linen finishing the edges. The

second is a long, easily rolling collar for a vested coat. The simplicity and neatness of this design are its marks of gentility. For this collar, almost any of the lingerie materials may serve. Plain linen, pongee or pique for everyday wear and dotted muslin, embroidered linen or batiste for nice occasions. Model 3 is designed for wear with a double-breasted coat. It is an entirely new and becoming shape. The edge of this might be embroidered in a scallop.

These collars come in one size.

6262-6263—Ladies' Night Dress and Chemise.

To most women lingerie is the most interesting of all subjects—indeed, most of them gladly sacrifice their outside garments to have a few pieces of nice lingerie, for, somehow, dainty, well-made and well-fitting underwear does have a great deal to do with making a girl appear well-groomed and well-dressed. In the night dress model shown we have the most popular mode. It is variously called bishop, "surplice" and Vassar, but whatever the name, the garment is the best model to be found. It is made in either high or open neck, and when made in the latter mode it is slipped on over the head, the fulness being regulated by ribbon-run beading. The sleeve extends to the neck edge, so does away with any "scratchy" or "binding" seams. If the garment be made in high neck the yoke, which is in one piece may be made of rows of insertion of the material. The style is pretty and, above all, easy to make and most comfortable to wear. In the chemise shown we have a plain sack style that fits the body closely, thus doing away with any extra fulness at the waist.

Sizes—6262, 32 to 42-inch bust measure; 6263, 32 to 42-inch bust measure.

6282—Ladies' Shirtwaist Foundation or Lining.

So many and varied are the styles shown in the new shirtwaists that it would almost bankrupt a pattern house, not to mention the individual, if each one were copied. Most women can, with a good foundation pattern, carry out ideas in their own way, and it is for these "individual" ideas that we are showing today's lining. The shape of the entire garment is correct—in style and cut—and upon it one may make any kind of a tucked, frilled or beruffled blouse. The pattern should be made in muslin and fitted to the figure, for very few people

are up to the "standard measure" and it is usually necessary to make a little alteration. When the pattern is once fitted then the outside and lining should be cut accordingly—always preserving the original muslin lining for future use as it saves any more fittings. Furthermore—after a good fitting lining is once obtained, it may be sent to the dressmaker and all one's waists made by its measurements without the usual tedious fittings.

Sizes 32 to 44-inch bust measure.

6325—A Modish Bolero of English Embroidery.

The smartest adjuncts of the feminine wardrobe this season are found in garments beautified with the eyelet embroidery. These are not very warm, nor yet a great protection from dust or rain—the general uses of coats—but they are extremely fetching little wraps, and add

very much to the wearer's attractiveness. The little bolero coat shown is one of the newest models, and a very charming one. It was designed in linen, with the eyelet embroidery elaborating it, but might be made up in other fabrics. This coat is very simple of construction, and if one is willing to ply the needle she may have a garment of which anyone might be proud and at very little expense. The embroidery is shown in bands, but may be applied in design to suit the owner. The sleeves are short and full, so as not to crush the fluffiest creations beneath.

The pattern, 6325, is in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust.

BOMB FOR ABDUL HAMID

Attempt Is Made on the Life of the Sultan.

Brussels, July 22.—A telegram to the Petit Bleu from Constantinople says:

"During the selamlik here yesterday a bomb was exploded in the court yard of the mosque, close to the sultan. His majesty was not injured, but several members of his suite were killed or injured. Several arrests have been made."

London, July 22.—The Turkish censorship is evidently suppressing the news regarding the attempt on the life of the sultan, for no further press dispatches from Constantinople have reached London. A dispatch received by the Turkish embassy says:

"As the sultan was issuing from the mosque at the conclusion of the ceremony of the selamlik, a bomb burst in the courtyard of the mosque. Divine providence miraculously preserved his majesty, who displayed his usual self-possession and courage. Himself driving the phaeton, his majesty returned to the palace graciously, as if nothing had happened.

"A few persons were killed or injured. The whole population is indignant at the infamous and dastardly deed."

HAS LOW SALARY RECORD

Adriel L. Stuart Carries United States Mails Four Years for 1 Cent.

Washington, July 31.—The postoffice department has issued a warrant in favor of Adriel L. Stuart, of Freedom, N. H., in the sum of one cent. This is Stuart's pay for carrying the mails for four years, between July 1, 1901, and June 30, 1905, from Freedom to a railroad station seven and three-fourths miles away. He travels this distance of fifteen and a half miles six times a week. His pay is a quarter of a cent a year, or one three hundred and twelfth part of a cent for one trip. This is the smallest treasury warrant ever issued, and Stuart will have it framed instead of cashed.

He bid this low figure because of the prestige which the sign "U. S. Mail" on his wagon gives him in his passenger-carrying business.

CYCLONE KILLS TWO MEN

Comes With Roar That Can Be Heard Five Miles Away.

Racine, Wis., July 24.—With a roar that was heard five miles a cyclone struck the northern rim of Racine county yesterday, killing two men and damaging property and crops $100,000.

The cyclone came from the southwest, and its first dip struck a large barn which was torn to pieces, the debris, with grain and farm machinery, being scattered 300 feet. Trees were uprooted and fences blown away, the damage on this farm alone amounting to $5,000. In every quarter grain is ruined. For miles trees can be seen uprooted and fences down.

At a farm in Thomasville, a workman whose name was not known, was struck and killed. Near Union Grove, Adam Hunter, an old farmer, was picked up by the cyclone and his neck broken. At the Haumerson brick yard lightning struck a shed and six men were stunned.

At least a dozen cattle were killed and the telephone wires in the district were blown down.

Government Is Winner.

Belgrade, July 24.—The elections to the Servian parliament yesterday resulted in an absolute majority for the government. The new parliament is constituted as follows: Ministerialists, 56; Radicals, 14; Nationalists, 3; Socialists, 2; Liberals, 3; Peasant party, 1.

TO STAND ON RIGHTS

Wants Manchuria Restored to Her Intact.

Washington, July 21.—China's official notification to the powers that she will not recognize any arrangement regarding Manchuria concerning which she has not been consulted beforehand, has reached Washington, and will be forthwith forwarded to the President at Oyster Bay. The arrival of the text of the note disposes of unofficial reports reaching Washington that China had requested that she be allowed to participate in the conference.

China has not yet taken this step for several reasons. The Chinese government is anxious that, so far as possible, the belligerents be allowed to negotiate directly with each other, and is adverse to being forced into the negotiations. China's motive in addressing to Russia and Japan such a notification was to remind them that she had never acquiesced in the alienation of the province of Manchuria from Chinese sovereignty, and that she expected as the first result of the war the full restoration to Chinese control of that province. That this position might receive the continued support of the neutral powers, copies of the note were forwarded to the other capitals for presentation by the respective Chinese representatives.

Advices reaching Washington indicate that the insistence upon the unconditional restoration of Manchuria without condition finds favor in the Chinese capital, and this, it is realized, opens up an important subject in connection with the Washington conference. Having been the chief zone of operations, Manchuria will naturally figure prominently in the conference. China's insistence that she be consulted about any arrangements concerning Manchuria will, if respected by the belligerents, it is believed, necessitate an indirect participation in the negotiations by China. It is learned on the highest authority that the Chinese government is inclined to trust Japan to execute her many pledges regarding Manchuria and unofficially has already given assurances to the Japanese of her confidence in their sincerity in this matter. On the other hand, Russia, it is said, will come to the conference ready to forfeit her sphere of influence in Manchuria only on condition that China give to Japan no privileges that are not accorded to all the powers. Therein lies China's best assurance that little headway can be made regarding Manchuria without communication with Pekin.

There are, however, elements at Pekin which are uneasy regarding the result of the Washington conference and the Pekin government has reiterated that its apparent inactivity at the present moment is only tentative. Indications that Russia and Japan were coming to an agreement about Manchuria which did not provide for an effective and real Chinese administration of the province would immediately arouse the Pekin government to action. Such action, it can be stated, will probably take the form of a direct appeal to the Washington government for assistance in defending the Hay doctrine of "the preservation of the territorial and administrative entity of China," to which all the powers under the leadership of the late secretary of state were committed since the present war began.

China's insistence that Manchuria be returned to her sovereignty has the full sympathy of the Washington government, although the latter does not share in any anxiety on this point. In the preliminary negotiations here it was more than once made plain to the belligerents that whatever the result of their negotiations, it was expected that China would be left intact.

SCOTTY A FOUR FLUSHER

Wild Eyed Spender From West Does Not Set New York on Fire.

New York, July 24.—It is a week since Walter Scott, putative millionaire mine owner from Death Valley, made his appearance in this city, and so far his injunction to "watch my smoke when I strike Broadway," issued to admiring Chicago friends, was needless in the light of his actions here. If there has been any smoke Broadway has failed to see it.

Some of the elder sports of the city have not forgotten the escapades of Lonny Fales, who, in the course of five days, made the Tenderloin $20,000 richer. For actual pranks and mischief there has been no legitimate successor to Ham Fish, who served his country with the same energy and vigor that marked his invasions of Broadway white light district. Pierre Lorillard spent on an average nearly $1,000 a day for thirty years in the pursuit of pleasure. There are wine importers who think nothing of giving banquets costing from $80 to $100 for each guest.

BOY REFUSES BIG SALARY

Fifteen-Year-Old Turns Down an Offer of $18,000 a Year.

New York, July 24.—Morris Schateffer, 15 years old, of Brooklyn, who solved a problem of signaling for elevated roads and part of whose system is in use on Brooklyn "L' lines, made the announcement today that a position as electrical engineer, with a salary of $18,000 a year, has been offered to him by the General Electric company of Schenectady, N. Y. He added that upon the advice of City Superintendent of Schools William H. Maxwell he had decided to reject the offer and remain at school.

Morris said he had not yet reached an understanding with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company in regard to a price for his invention for signaling. He declared his intention to hold out upon the advice of friends for $50,000, which is twice the amount offered by the railroad company.

MEAT SOARS IN GERMANY

Prices Go Up With a Rush, Due to Conditions Within Empire.

Berlin, July 21.—The price of meat has risen in Germany from 20 to 25 per cent during the last six months so that now prices are higher by 30 to 35 per cent than in the neighboring continental states. The prices outside of Germany usually are 10 to 15 per cent lower. Popular appeals directed by the organized meat dealers are being made to the government both here and in the provinces to raise a prohibition against the importation of live cattle. Six public meetings in this connection were held at Cologne last night. The Butchers' association of Berlin is planning a number of agitation assemblages. Fillet of beef, 43 cents per pound; boiling beef, 27 cents; pork, 31½ cents; veal, 31½ cents, were the prices today.

The contention is constantly advanced that the sanitary regulations are made unnecessarily severe in order to prohibit cattle and meat imports in the interest of the German farmer.

The Deutsche Tages-Zeitung, the principal agrarian organ, has a leading article in nearly every issue affirming that Germany can and ought to raise all the cattle she consumes and that in fact the rise in the price of meat is due to the Butchers' associations and increased rents. The question for the moment engages general public attention.

Folk Is Determined.

St. Louis, July 24.—As a result of Governor Folk's determination to use the city police force in an effort to break up alleged violations of the Sunday saloon closing law in St. Louis county a large force of city policemen were scattered throughout the county, and fourteen arrests were made on charges of keeping saloons open on Sunday. Warrants were later secured and the men locked up at Clayton, the county seat. Nearly all were released on bond during the day.

SHUN THE PHILIPPINES

Advice Given by Those Who Have Been There.

Washington, D. C., July 24.—"Keep away from the Philippines, "is the advice that is given to American mechanics and laborers by Victor S. Clark, Ph. D., in an exhaustive discussion of labor conditions in our new possessions which is published by the department of commerce and labor. Dr. Clark does not make this statement on account of the rate of wages, but because of the social conditions of the country.

Dr. Clark has just returned from the Philippines where, in the employ of the government, he made an extensive investigation of the labor situation. He not only discussed the questions involved with government officials and employers, but mingled freely with all classes of laboring men and women. Having a thorough knowledge of the language spoken in the country, he visited the homes and shops and plantations of the Filipinos and listened to the stories of the natives.

He also interviewed frequently American employers and workmen who have gone to the islands since they became part of Uncle Sam's dominion. Some of his interviews with Americans over there are printed in full and do not tend to give the labor conditions of the Philippines a very roseate hue.

Dr. Clark maintains that it is a mistake to suppose that even unskilled native labor at the lowest wages is really cheap. The employers, when interviewed, uniformly insisted that the same service cost more when low grade of laborers were employed than it does in America.

"We should prefer Americans even at the highest wages," said one employer to Dr. Clark, "if we could get really good men. The trouble is that Americans who come to the Philippines are the most irresponsible and dissipated class and we have been forced to depend upon Filipinos and Chinese for this reason."

Even American trade unions are quoted as saying that there is no complaint at the wages that are paid first-class American workmen. Said a union labor leader, who has visited the Philippines recently:

"I want to emphasize the fact that higher wages are being paid there than at home. It costs more to carry a ton of coal on board a ship in the Philippines than it does to mine it in America. A Filipino is paid more for carrying a ton of coal down the wharf, a distance of 50 yards, than the American miner gets for digging it out of the bowels of the earth."

But with all of these inducements of higher wages, Dr. Clark argues the time has not yet arrived when American mechanics and laborers should go to the Philippines. There are, he says, some excellent positions open for expert mechanics and educated laborers who are competent to act as superintendents and foremen. In such positions they will be able to move in a desirable social atmosphere. Under no other conditions, he insists, will even the ordinary mechanic or laborer be satisfied in the Philippines.

The morale of the American workmen suffers in the Philippines. They are not usually men with families. They are thrown into lax social environment, free from the restraints of public opinion, and easily fall victims to the fallacy that the bases of sane and happy existence are different in the tropics from those in the United States.

They are subject to more temptations than men in clerical or government service, because they are deprived so largely of home environment and the society of white women, and necessarily live amid surroundings that do less to distract the mind from purely physical pleasure than do those of better-paid and more happily placed employes.

The influence of the native women on white men is not wholesome, however honorable or conventional the relations of the two may be. The white man seldom brings the woman up to his level. Domestic influence determines in many respects the standard of civilization, and that is in the hands of the weaker sex.

Gradually, and almost unconsciously, the workingman falls into the ways of eating and living that his wife, or querida, with gentle but insistent pressure forces upon him. He adopts her language and adapts his conversation to her level of thought, and his own mental life sinks to the level of his conversation. He degenerates. His moral standard, even in his own family, is often lowered.

He does not always exact the same early character or subsequent fidelity from his life companion as he would from a white wife. When children come the man is often chained by his better nature to a relationship that he is still dimly conscious of as permanently degrading.

Dr. Clark declares that he has known such men, and, except in the rarer instances where the wife had risen to the level of her husband, he never met a white man in this relationship who appeared to be happy. The most their confidential conversation revealed was an armor of indifference punctured now and then by darts of vague regret—something akin to the melancholy with which mature men look back upon opportunities wantonly sacrificed in youth.

Yet such a life, Dr. Clarke says, affords the nearest semblance to domestic companionship that the Philippines will offer American wage earners in any but the higher capacities for many years to come.

From the general tenor of Dr. Clark's report the conclusion is reached that the only way to reform the labor conditions in the Philippines is by the elevation of the native women. American workmen of the self-respecting class will never be satisfied with the social conditions of the Philippines as they exist now.

They have been known to leave excellent positions and prospects and return to the United States simply because they could not find on the islands the environments of American homes.

They cannot be induced to take their white families into such a country, and no increase of wages will induce any considerable number to make this sacrifice.

FLOOD KILLS 200 CATTLE

One Man Drowned and Great Damage Done About Joplin.

Joplin, Mo., July 21. — A cloudburst caused Spring river to rise 18 feet in a few hours yesterday afternoon, the water rolling down the valley in a wall, driving many residents off the lowlands at Carthage and Kendricktown to the hills and railroad bridges. The loss is estimated at $150,000. Calvin Rudy, a teamster, was drowned while attempting to ford a stream. A subsidence of the water is expected within 24 hours. The losses are divided among farmers, miners and railroads.

Two hundred head of cattle and horses were drowned and several bridges were washed away.

WHAT RUSSIA PROPOSES.

Berlin, July 24.—The Lokal Anzeiger today says:

"Russia may propose to Japan to take over all her foreign war loans in lieu of indemnity. M. Witte's interviews in Paris are connected with such a plan, and the visit of Herr Ernst Von Mendelsohn, head of Russia's principal bankers in Berlin, to Chancellor Von Buelow is supposed to be on the same business."

Everything Lovely Again.

Washington, July 24.—Information has been received at the state department to the effect that Ambassador McCormick has adjusted satisfactorily the differences between Brutus Clay, American minister to Switzerland, and the French ambassador to the same country, which grew out of the alleged failure of the ambassador to return the minister's call.

ADVERTISE FOR LABOR

Government Asks Bids for Canal Workmen.

Washington, July 21.—The first attempt to secure laborers in large numbers for work in connection with the construction of the Panama canal, will be made tomorrow, when bids will be asked by W. Leon Pepperman, acting chief of office, of the Panama canal commission, for two thousand each of Chinese, Japanese and Italian laborers.

Those who compete for furnishing these laborers will be required to submit bids first, as to the amount per day for which the laborers of a certain nationality will work, and also bids stating the amount the government will be required to pay to get the laborers on the Isthmus of Panama. In this latter item will be included, particularly in the case of Chinese, an amount of money advanced to the family of the Chinaman for maintenance until the wage earner can remit for this purpose from his earnings; the amount of the transportation and necessary incidental funds to defray the expenses of the journey.

It is not the purpose of the commission to make a contract with any bidder for labor which will preclude the government making direct and individual appointments with each of the laborers furnished. This precaution is taken to avoid any semblance or possibility of involuntary servitude.

Under the plan proposed the contractor will land his laborers on the Isthmus. These laborers will then personally apply for appointment, stating the amount for which they will work. On these applications appointments will be made out the same as in the case of every other employe of the canal commission. Information in the possession of the commission in an informal manner indicates that the price asked for the laborers will vary from seventy-five cents to $1.50 a day. The contractors who are successful in their bids will figure their profits in their estimates for getting the laborers to the isthmus, added to which may be individual contracts for boarding the laborers after their arrival there. They will not be permitted to in any way be intermediaries between the laborer and the government.

The bids will be opened August 15, and bidders will be given detailed information by the commission regarding the form in which they are to be made.

KOMURA MEETS FRIEND

And Talks Municipal Ownership at Chicago.

Chicago, July 24.—Baron Komura, Japanese minister of foreign affairs and plenipotentiary in the pending peace negotiations with Russia, arrived in Chicago today from St. Paul, on the Burlington Limited. Delegations were on hand to greet the visitors. One of the delegations, composed of Japanese merchants' students and professional men was headed by the Japanese consul. A committee, consisting of representative Chicago business men, city officials and others, appointed by Acting Mayor Lewis, was also on hand to greet the oriental party. The baron and suite were driven to the Auditorium. Arrangements were made to leave on the Pennsylvania 18-hour train for New York.

Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, who was vice president of the Columbian Exposition, came into Chicago on Baron Komura's private car. Several years ago the baron was entertained at Mr. Bryan's home, Elmhurst.

The peace plenipotentiary, remembering the courtesy, telegraphed last night asking Mr. Bryan to board his private car at Aurora and journey with the party to Chicago. Corporation Counsel Lewis, representing Mayor Dunne, was introduced to the plenipotentiary by Mr. Bryan. Colonel Lewis welcomed Baron Komura on behalf of Mayor Dunne.

"I trust that your stay here will be pleasant in every way," said Mr. Lewis, and if you desire to do anything more than to rest from the effects of your arduous trip, it is the desire of Mayor Dunne that I assure you that you will be given every opportunity to see the city of Chicago as a guest of our people."

Baron Komura said he appreciated the courtesy and was glad to see Chicago, having in former years spent many pleasant days here. The baron then stated that he was anxious to meet Mayor Dunne.

"I have heard much of him," he said, "and much of the work that he has undertaken to do. I should like to meet and talk with him."

The peace commissioner said he was not at this moment officially interested in the question of municipal ownership or operations of railroads, but that it was a good subject to be enlightened upon.

"In Japan," said the baron, "the government owns and operates the salt and tobacco works that produce revenue and the government's monopoly from an economic standpoint is a good thing. However, this question of public ownership is largely a question of environments and conditions."

YELLOW FEVER SCARE

New Orleans Inhabitants Leave the Place.

Washington, July 24.—Surgeon General Wyman, of the public health and marine hospital service, who has been absent from the city on official business is now on his way to Washington and upon his arrival will give personal attention to the yellow fever situation in New Orleans.

Meantime the service under the direction of Dr. Clennan is co-operating with the New Orleans authorities to prevent any fresh outbreak.

There are half a dozen trained members of the force in that city, and they are now giving their especial attention to getting residents away. To accomplish this and without endangering other communities a large number of detention camps will be established outside the New Orleans city limits.

Troops May Be Moved.

Washington, July 24.—General Jesse M. Lee, commanding the department of Texas, has been ordered to investigate and report upon the advisability of removing the United States troops from the forts below New Orleans on account of yellow fever.

Suspects Are Detained.

Havana, July 24.—The steamer Excelsior of the Southern Pacific Morgan line which arrived today from New Orleans brought twenty-seven passengers. They were all ordered to be detained in quarantine for five days. Only immunes are permitted to visit the ship, which will be unloaded by immunes. The steamer Vigilancia, of the Ward line, which reached this port from Vera Cruz today brought two women and one man suffering from light fevers. They were isolated and taken to the Las Animas fever hospital for observation.

Quarantine Extended.

Jackson, Miss., July 24.—The Mississippi state board of health has amended its quarantine order so as to include the entire state of Louisiana. The new order is to take effect at once. The rumor of a case of yellow fever at Gulfport is believed here to be unfounded.

Will Go After Cashier.

Washington, July 24.—Bennett Williams, sheriff of Blue Earth county, Minnesota, was at the state department today, and obtained the necessary extradition papers for O. O. Buck, who has been arrested in Cuba. Buck is wanted in connection with the defalcation of the bank at Mapleton, Minn., and is now held at Havana.

KEEPING OUT AMERICANS

Canadian Law Against Commercial Travelers.

Washington, D. C., July 22.—Official notification has been received by the state department of the passage of a law by which the province of Quebec will require commercial travelers not residing in the province to pay a license of three hundred dollars a year.

The law is very stringent in its character and prohibits the transfer of a license from one commercial traveler to another under a penalty of three hundred dollars for each offense. It also provides that a foreign commercial traveler attempting to do business in Canada without the proper license, will be liable to a fine of not more than one thousand dollars and no less than five hundred dollars for such conviction.

The law is plainly framed to discriminate against American traveling men. There is nothing in it to prohibit the residents of Quebec from representing American and other firms in Canada without a license, but it is proposed to tax Americans who invade that country with their own wares.

For a number of years American railway officials have been pushing to the front in Canada until now most of the Canadian railways are managed and operated by men from this country. American commercial travelers are also becoming too numerous in Canada to suit the tastes of the Canadians, and for the purpose of discouraging this invasion the Canadian statesmen have procured the enactment of unfriendly legislation to foreign salesmen.

The subjoined is an extract of the law which was made effective in May:

"341e. Any person not residing in the province who is desirous of acting as a commercial traveler, by soliciting or taking orders for or selling goods, wares, or merchandise, other than intoxicating liquors, or by advertising or offering such goods for sale, by sample, catalogue, or price list, for a person, firm, or corporation having no place of business in Canada, shall first obtain a license therefor from the collector of provincial revenue for the district in which he begins his operations in the province.

"Such license, is subject to article 9 of this act, granted for one year, and expires on the first day of of the month of May subsequent to its issue.

"341f. Every person not residing in the province who acts as a commercial traveler by soliciting or taking orders for or selling goods, wares, or merchandise, other than intoxicating liquors, or by advertising or offering such goods for sale, by sample, catalogue, or price list, for a person, firm, or corporation having no place of business in Canada without being the holder of a license for that purpose then in force, is liable to a fine of not more than $1,000 and not less than $500 for each contravention.

"341g. Every such person shall show his license to any collector of provincial revenue or to any person authorized in writing by a collector of provincial revenue, and in default of so doing such person shall be held to have no license and is punishable accordingly.

"341h. No commercial traveler licensed as aforesaid shall lend his license to another under a penalty of $300 for each offense."

PAY THEIR LAST HOMAGE

Members of Patriotic Societies Attend Funeral of Blackmar.

Boston, July 24.—Veterans of the civil war, Sons of Veterans, members of the Woman's Relief Corps, and other patriotic societies yesterday paid honor to the late General Wilmon W. Blackmar, whose funeral was held in this city, where less than a year ago, at the national encampment of the G. A. R., he was elected commander-in-chief.

During the morning the body lay in state in Memorial hall at the state house, surrounded by the battle flags borne by the troops of the commonwealth during the civil war.

The casket was draped with the national colors, and guarded by comrades of E. W. Kinsley Post, No. 113, of which General Blackmar was the first commander. Ten thousand persons passed through the hall and gazed on the face of the dead commander.

Early in the afternoon thirty Massachusetts posts of the Grand Army, led by Department Commander James H. Wolff, and followed by the funeral party and Troop B, of the first battalion of the state cavalry, escorted the body to the Second Unitarian church, of which General Blackmar was a member. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Edward A. Horton, chaplain of the Massachusetts senate.

REMEMBER THE VICTIMS

Russia Observes Memorial for Those Shot in January.

St. Petersburg, July 22.—Today was widely observed by the working classes and Liberals of St. Petersburg and many other parts of the empire as a memorial day for those killed in the disturbances of January 22, six months ago. No reports of serious disorders were received. Many factories in St. Petersburg were closed all day, the workmen departing. After the requiem masses there was a stoppage of work among the printers and the men employed in several other trades. Only one afternoon paper appeared and the majority of the morning papers will not appear tomorrow.

The day passed in St. Petersburg with entire quiet, but it is reported that another cache of bombs has been discovered. A force of detectives watched the Moscow railroad station all day for expected terrorists.

BUSINESS WOMEN

A Lunch Fit For a King.

An active and successful young lady tells her food experience:

"Some three years ago I suffered from nervous prostration, induced by continuous brain strain and improper food, added to a great grief.

"I was ordered to give up my work, as there was great danger of my mind failing me altogether. My stomach was in bad condition (nervous dyspepsia, I think now) and when Grape-Nuts food was recommended to me, I had no faith in it. However, I tried it, and soon found a marked improvement in my condition as the result. I had been troubled with deathly faint spells, and had been compelled to use a stimulant to revive me. I found, however, that by eating Grape-Nuts at such times I was relieved as satisfactorily as by the use of stimulants, and suffered no bad effects, which was a great gain. As to my other troubles—nervous prostration, dyspepsia, etc.—the Grape-Nuts diet soon cured them.

"I wish especially to call the attention of office girls to the great benefit I derived from the use of Grape-Nuts as a noon luncheon. I was thoroughly tired of cheap restaurants and ordinary lunches, and so made the experiment of taking a package of Grape-Nuts food with me, and then slipping out at noon and getting a nickel's worth of sweet cream to add to it. I found that this simple dish, finished off with an apple, peach, orange, or a bunch of grapes made a lunch fit for a king, and one that agreed with me perfectly.

"I throve so on my Grape-Nuts diet that I did not have to give up my work at all, and in the two years have had only four lost days charged up against me.

"Let me add that your suggestions in the little book, 'Road to Wellville,' are, in my opinion, invaluable, especially to women." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

Discuss a Constitution.

Moscow, July 20.—The Zemstvo congress reassembled today without interference on the part of the authorities and commenced a discussion of the proposed constitution.

LADIES FREE TRIAL Never failing monthly Remedy relieves the most obstinate cases. POND DRUG CO., 52 Niagara St., Dep. 10, BUFFALO, N.Y.

BED WETTING CURED. TRIAL FREE. KRESTO CO., DEPT. W, Box 276, TORONTO, CAN.

CHEAP HOMES IN THE SOUTH. Monthly paper with list of bargains. 25c a year. Sample for stamp. "Our Southern Country," Louisville, Ky.

NOTICE While in foreign service as a U. S. Army Surgeon I secured three valuable remedies for these diseases—Gall Stones, Asthma, Impaired Vigor; particulars free. Box 875, Toledo, O.

WEALTHY GENTLEMAN, income $10,000 yearly, desires the acquaintance of kind-hearted widow or maiden to take charge of home with view to matrimony. No objection to poor or working girl. Mr. Norten, F 23, Old Times Bldg., Chicago.

CHARMING Lady of fine appearance, loving disposition, worth $80,000, desires to marry at once. No objection to poor or working man. Will assist husband financially immediately after marriage. No triflers. Mrs. Morton, F 9, 26 5th Ave., Chicago.

CORN HARVESTER cuts and throws in pile on harvester or windrows. Man and horse cuts equal to a corn binder. Price $14. Circulars free showing Harvester at work. NEW PROCESS M'F'G. CO., LINCOLN, KANSAS.

LUCAS COUNTY HOSPITAL

Offers exceptional advantages to women between 18 and 30 who are desirous of becoming TRAINED NURSES. Two years' course. Monthly cash allowance. Address, Miss Caroline B. Reed, Supt., Toledo.

BALFOUR DEFIES VOTE

Says Government Will Not Resign as Result

London, July 24.—The government has no intention of resigning in consequence of Thursday's adverse vote. This was the gist of Premier Balfour's eagerly anticipated statement in the house of commons this afternoon. Although it has been generally recognized that such would be the decision of the premier there was feverish eagerness on all sides to hear the exact terms of his statement.

The house was literally packed. Every gallery available to the public was crowded and there had not been such an attendance of members during the life of the present parliament.

Mr. Balfour, who was heartily cheered by his supporters on rising, tried the patience of his hearers somewhat by a long disquisition on how former administrations had ignored defeats similar to that of Thursday. He declared that such incidents had never been regarded as ground for resignation or dissolution and announced that the government did not propose either to resign or dissolve parliament because of Thursday's occurrence.

The premier considered that it would be a grave evil if the tenure of ministers was made dependent on such votes as that of Thursday. He hoped the practice would never prevail of allowing a government united in itself and possessing the confidence of the majority of the house to abandon its post merely in consequence of such a vote.

Mr. Balfour sat down without referring to the remaining business of the session and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, the Liberal leader, immediately asked for an opportunity to discuss the premier's statement. The opposition, he said, did not propose to proceed with Sir Edward Grey's proposed vote of censure which obviously was superseded by the occurrence of Thursday.

John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalists, took a similar line and the heated tone of both leaders indicated that the government will have to face the most determined opposition during the remainder of the session. Ultimately by arrangement with Mr. Balfour, the chief government whip, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, formally moved the adjournment and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman opened the debate with a stirring attack on the government.

Mr. Redmond followed and in a few fervid phrases characterized the premier's action as contemptible. The opposition, he declared, ought to band together and make the continued life of this government impossible. Speaking for the Nationalists Mr. Redmond promised the government that they would neither ask nor give quarter, but would fight day and night so as to make short work of "this government of shreds and patches."

KOMURA FIRST TO LAND

Japanese Peace Envoy Arrives at Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., July 21.—Baron Komura, the senior Japanese peace plenipotentiary, and his suite left Seattle at 8 o'clock last night for New York city. They travel in private cars as the guests of President J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern railro

Household and Young Folks

Emily S. Bouton Editor

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

The wrong road never yet led to the right place. Be sure of that.

THURSDAY.

Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact.

FRIDAY.

Do not expect your friend to do as you do and think as you think. This diversity of thought and action aids the growth of both souls.

SATURDAY.

Keep pushing; 'tis wiser than sitting aside and sighing and watching and waiting the tide. In life's earnest battle they only prevail who daily march onward and never say fail.

SUNDAY.

Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling. * * As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

MONDAY.

In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man.

TUESDAY.

You must love your work, not always be looking over the edge of it wanting your play to begin.

A Beautiful Wonder of the Deep

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps his shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Years ago, in my first visit to that fascinating city, San Francisco, beyond which roll the blue waters of the Pacific, I frequently found my way down to the docks where the ocean steamers and craft from far-away shores landed their cargoes. A sort of museum was the attraction, a place where the odds and ends of curious, wonderful and sometimes beautiful things gathered by the sailors were brought for disposal. I always fancied it to be a deep cavern under the sea, such as we read of, and as if, staying long enough, the song of the mermaids might be heard inviting me to join them 'neath the salt waves, where, we are told, they sport the long day through.

The presiding genius of the place was an old sailor who had known and loved the sea from childhood. His stories, which he never tired of telling, were couched in quaint but picturesque language that I cannot reproduce, but which held the charm of unfailing novelty. He had also the knowledge that comes from experience, and theories of his own regarding life which he had evolved in the silent watches of the long nights upon shipboard, when the sea and sky were his eloquent companions.

One day he showed me the cross section of a shell of the Pearly Nautilus, one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. They are found, as we know, in the Southern Pacific ocean, and he said the natives of some of the islands possessed the skill of cutting and polishing them to a degree of perfection hard to equal. This one had been brought to him the day before by a sailor just returned from a long voyage. It possessed a rare and wonderful brilliancy, and the pearly surface showed the most exquisite rainbow colors. The inner walls of the chambers had been left untouched, and they were of a silvery whiteness marked with lines of delicate gray.

Silently I stood examining this marvelous habitant of the sea, some of the secrets of whose inner life and action were thus ruthlessly laid bare to my gaze. The life was gone, it was true, but the results of that life was this many-roomed shell, from which the siren song of the sea had not yet wholly departed. I wondered at the unerring precision with which the curving walls were built without sound of hammer or saw, by the little creature of whom they had been a vital part. Whence came that knowledge which enabled it without measure to make them so true to each other that human intellect could do no better?

"It seems to me," said the old captain dreamily, answering my unspoken question, "as if this sort of thing proves without argyment that God surely is everywhere. I s'pose some people would jest call it natur and let it go at that, but to my mind it means more to say it's God inventin' things to live in the water, exactly as he makes 'em to live in the air. And then you don't get confused in tryin' to know what is the work of natur and what of God, if so be they are separate, which I don't believe."

"Where is the life when the nautilus sails over the sea?" I asked.

"Do you see that bit of a chamber as they call it, in the center of the shell," he said. "Well, it lives there first. Then it begins to get restless and wants a larger place, and so it builds one right the other side. The queer part of it is that it shuts off the old room entirely jest as you see. Then it does the same thing again and again and keeps buildin' until it makes a regular spiral, and this is a part of itself. When it's livin' the body is wrapped round this spiral with a thin shell round that. Of course you know that what the story tellers and writers of verses call sails, are just two long arms flattened out at the ends like wings."

I had read about it hundreds of times as every school boy and girl have done, but never before had I realized the wonder of this denizen of the deep sea as I did while standing there hearkening to the old sailor and looking at the beautiful shell. To my mind came the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes about the Chambered Nautilus and how after describing in poetic measure the continuous but silent toil of the builder to create for himself a new home distinct from the old, the poet traced the message brought by this "child of the wandering sea"—a message sounded by its singing voice through the "deep caves of his thought"—which he translated to the world in these noble lines:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the past,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

I repeated these lines to the old captain, who saw at once their application.

"That's a true thing he's put into that verse," he said thoughtfully. "We're apt to go back and live in the past, mournin' over what we've done or left undone, instead of wallin' up the memory and buildin' a new and bigger house for the soul—that's oursel'—to work in. It doesn't do the least good to leave the door open so the skeletons can come troopin' through every time things don't go to suit us, or we get a little down on our luck. After we once have our lesson learned, then the way is to furgit what it jest makes us miserable to remember, without doin' us any good. I s'pose he means we'll be free when we stop fussin' over what's behind us or before us and leave the buildin' of the temple we're to live in always to the Father."

He was silent for a moment and then resumed: "That pretty nantilus shell has taught us a good lesson today, hasn't it? It beats all how a trifle will preach a whole sermon to those who listen."

The old captain was right. The trouble is that for the most part we are not listening.

A Baby of the White House

There lives today in a quiet Tennessee home perhaps the only person who recalls vividly and clearly, the home life in the White House during "Old Hickory's" term of office, and that person is no less a one than President Jackson's granddaughter, Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, who was herself the baby of the White House from her birth until her sixth year.

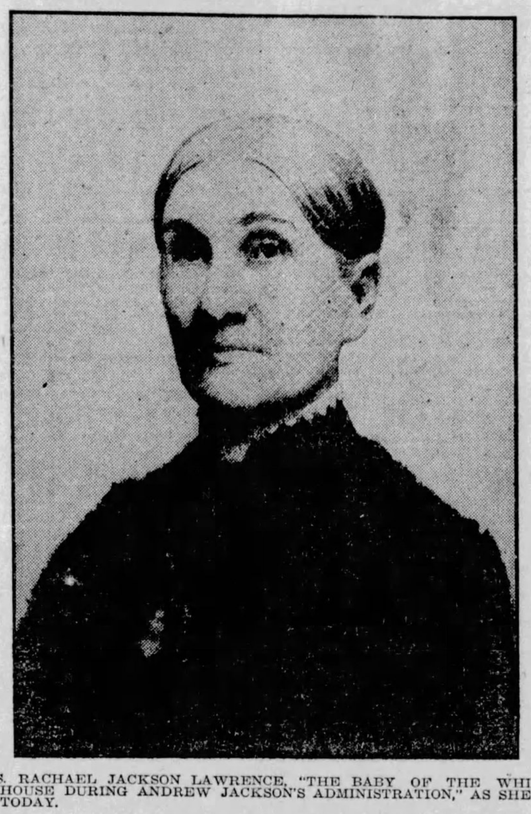
Many visitors to the St. Louis fair will recall with pleasure meeting with the gracious hostess of the Tennessee building, but few will associate the cordial, soft-voiced, silver-haired southern gentlewoman of today with the winsome little girl who made "sunshine in the shady places" of the life of President Andrew Jackson; yet despite the passing of the years Mrs. Lawrence vividly recalls her earliest recollections, which are of her life in the White House.

Having no children of their own, President and Mrs. Jackson adopted a little child whose father was a brother of Mrs. Jackson. This child was named Andrew Jackson and was most tenderly reared. He was given every advantage, and, after his marriage, President Jackson's wife having died, the wife of Andrew Jackson, jr., became the lady of the White House. In 1832 a baby girl was born to them, and was called Rachel, for the lamented wife of President Jackson. At his earnest solicitation the baby was taken to Washington in January, 1833, in order that the household there might be complete. The journey from Tennessee was made chiefly by private conveyance and occupied nearly two months, the family traveling only by day.

The coming of the little child into his life and the return of his son and daughter were joyous events to the president, who at once constituted himself guardian-in-chief to the little girl. Mrs. Lawrence remembers innumerable incidents of her life in the White House and of the unfailing devotion of the president, as well as of the allegiance which her baby heart yielded him in return. During the first months of the child's life the nursery was near the president's own sleeping apartment, and many nights he insisted on having the restless little one brought into his own room, where he would put her in the tiny baby carriage, and disregarding all caution, would wheel her up and down the long corridors until she fell asleep. Although these incidents were, of course, told little Rachel as she grew older, still they form fitting companion pieces to many others within the child's own memory. Her dawning intelligence was a source of unfailing joy to the president, and his only moments of relaxation and of pleasure were spent in the nursery of the White House. Soon the child was able to join him in his study, and then began the close companionship which Mrs. Lawrence so well remembers and of which she speaks with deepest emotion. "Grandpa" was the child's idol—for hours she would sit near him, watching him read or write, listening even to the affairs of state discussed, for never would the president dismiss her as long as she was willing to remain. During the state receptions the dainty little maiden, then five or six years old, was dressed in "party clothes" and stood upon one of the tables in the grand drawing room, where the president would never fail to bring his chosen friends to see "my baby," as he always called little Rachel.

At the expiration of General Jackson's second term of office the family returned permanently to the Hermitage, the Jackson home near Nashville, Tenn., and Rachel was sent to school in Nashville, returning home only for the week ends. This was the first separation which had ever come to the child and the General, and it was hard for both of them. But at this time his health began to fail rapidly and he knew that the end was near, although the child had no suspicion. On Monday morning, June 4, 1845, little Rachel, then just in her teens, danced into the dear grandfather's room as usual to bid him good-bye for the week. He drew the child to him for a final kiss, and his gravity surprised and startled her, until he said: "My baby, grandpa is very sick; before he says good-bye this time he wants you to wear this; you have her name and it is right that you should have her picture." The child was startled and could scarcely realize what it all meant until she found in her hand the cherished miniature of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, which the devoted husband had worn about his neck for almost a lifetime, and which had never left his side even while he slept. Little Rachel's earliest recollections cluster around this picture. She remembers seeing her grandfather unwind the long chain from about his neck at night and place the picture on the table beside his bed, standing it against his Bible and hymn book, which always lay there, placing the picture so that the face was turned toward him and the long chain wrapped around the books to hold the picture in place.

The giving of the miniature to little Rachel marked the ending of the child's intercourse with the beloved grandfather. When she returned to the Hermitage the following Friday he was fast slipping into the Great Beyond, and ere the next Monday morning dawned he had passed forever from the life of the little child. But the woman of today still holds the memory of the great man in tenderest reverence, and these facts concerning her life as it touched that of the courageous soldier, the able statesman and the chief executive of the nation, are given from her personal recollections and after careful consultation with her.—S. T. Dalsheimer in Bob Taylor's Magazine.



MRS. RACHAEL JACKSON LAWRENCE, "THE BABY OF THE WHITE HOUSE DURING ANDREW JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION," AS SHE IS TODAY.

ABOUT THE HUMBLE ONION.

An article in the July number of Country Life in America gives some useful information concerning the roots we eat, and among the roots is the humble onion, which enters so largely into the cooking of many nations. Concerning these bulbs is this:

THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN ONION IS PRIZETAKER.

Onions may be grown either from seeds or sets. Growing from seed requires very careful handling, for the seedlings are mere slender threads. Sets are small onions, formed by a budding from the parent bulb. These sets may be purchased from seedsmen, and that is by far the easiest way to grow onions.

They should be put into the ground at the earliest possible moment, but their place must be well prepared before they go into it. They are gourmands and require the richest kind of land. Place the sets in rows about six inches apart, if you select a large variety; nearer together for a small variety.

If seed is decided upon, prepare the bed in the same way. Sow it half an inch deep, and cultivate as soon as possible, never allowing weeds to grow. This is more important in onion culture than in the culture of any other vegetable, for the seedlings are so small that they are liable to be uprooted in the pulling out of large weeds.

When the onions are six inches high they should be thinned out until they are from four to six inches apart. In the fall, when the leaves begin to turn yellow, the harvesting time has come. Dig them up, leave them in piles on the ground to dry thoroughly, or take them to the barn, where they can be spread out on the floor without danger of being wet by showers. They may be stored in the root cellar, provided it is dry and cold enough, or they may be allowed to freeze and stay frozen all winter. This is accomplished by placing them in a barn, woodshed or tool house, after allowing them to freeze, and covering them with hay or sacking.

There are many varieties of onions, large and small, and of varying shapes—round, flat and oval; also of different colors—red, yellow and white. I think that the white is preferable to the others, for it is firm in flesh and mild in flavor. Perhaps the most extensively grown kind is the Prizetaker, an improved Wethersfield. There are American and foreign varieties, but those European varieties which come from warmer countries—from France, or Spain, or Italy—seldom mature in any section of the United States except in the south and in California.

Regarding the cooking of onions is this: Onions may be boiled, and there are two theories as to the proper mode of doing it. One culinary authority advises that, after peeling all the dried skin off, they should be thoroughly washed, dropped into boiling water and boiled gently, uncovered, until they are tender. The other says: Prepare and wash, cover with boiling water, cover tightly and boil for ten minutes; drain, cover again with boiling water, boil five minutes; drain, cover for a third time with boiling water, add a little salt, and boil now until tender, keeping them tightly covered all the time. When tender drain thoroughly and steam off all the water by placing the uncovered kettle on the back of the stove. They may be fried, baked, sauted and prepared in various other ways.

The onion is one of the best stimulant vegetables we have, and should be more used by housewives than it generally is. It contains a volatile, pungently odoriferous sulphurous oil which, however, is dispelled by proper boiling.

THE COOK.

Cherry Pie.

Make a good crust—not so greasy as to spoil the flavor of the cherries, but rich enough to melt in your mouth; line your pie tins with this, and fill with cherries from which the pits have been removed—for there is nothing that will sooner spoil a man's temper and break his teeth than to bite on the pit of a cherry hidden in a pie. Sprinkle sugar over them according to the sweetness of the cherry, and add a tablespoonful of flour dusted over the sugar; this will make the syrup thicker and richer. Cover with another crust and bake in a moderate oven and eat warm or cold.

Cherry Pudding.

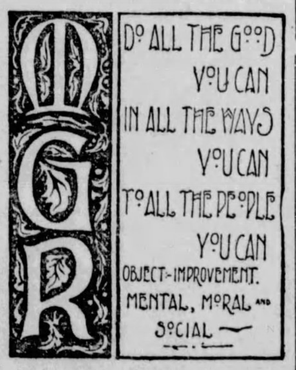
One cupful of cake or bread crumbs, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar if bread is used and one and a half if cake, one cupful flour, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, and sufficient milk to make a batter a little thinner than for a cake. Place a layer of this batter in a pudding dish, cover with a layer of sweet cherries (pitted) and alternate until the dish is filled. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes and serve with cream and sugar or hard sauce.

Cherry Cream and Junket.

Stem and stone a pint of sweet cherries—the blackhearts are the best for this—sprinkle with a cupful of sugar and let them stand for an hour for the syrup to form. Then let them simmer slowly until tender, and remove from the fire; when cold, add a cupful of whipped cream flavored to taste with rose extract.

Heat a pint of milk to the boiling point and add, in the order mentioned, a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, five drops of almond flavoring, and one junket tablet. Pour immediately into sherbet glasses, filling them half full and set on ice, or in a cold place to harden. When sufficiently firm, fill the glasses with the cherry cream, decorating each glass with a large, sweet cherry.

This makes one of the richest and most delicious of desserts and, if preferred, red raspberries can be used in place of the cherries in the cream.



From our "Author Friend" comes this letter:

Dear M. G. R.'s, aren't you sorry the month of roses is gone? Truly we can say with the poet: "What is so rare as a day in June?" To the optimistic mind no season of the year is so fraught with joy and brightness. As the eye looks out upon the fields of waving grain, and beholds the landscape spread out in panoramic beauty; when the heart is gladdened by the songs of the birds and all Nature seems running over with exuberant life, is it any wonder that man wishes to live in such a beautiful world as ours?

"Olive Branch," you were very kind to suggest that I write a story for the M. G. R., but did you think how much it means to write one that is fit to print? My idea of such is that it should contain golden grain; much wheat, if you please, and not so much chaff as some of the modern stories do.

There is a heart side to life, as well as a financial side, and he who writes as from heart to heart, may expect his efforts to come back to him like bread upon the water.

The stories that succeed in helping humanity most, are those that appeal only to the noblest and finest feeling of the soul of the reader, and it is a pity to think so many men and women of intellect are constantly sending forth books that appeal only to the lower and most devilish passions of man.

In summing up my views, my idea is that we should give to the world of the best that is in us, and that we record on the calendar of the world's progress, only such thoughts as shall live to uplift and brighten the lives of the army of toilers who are battling with the waves of the sea of time. What do you think of the W. Va. Author's views?—Will C. Whisner.

The two Southern girls of whom mention was made last week are with us this morning with their petition for admittance:

May I come in, please? I have been waiting outside the door for a long time wishing I could enter and share your good times, and now I take courage to ask if Miss Prudence will open the door, and the M. G. R.'s sit closer so as to make room for this "Tar Heel" from North Carolina.

My home is among the mountains in the western part of the state, and I have never in my life been away from it. Sometimes I long to cross the mountains and see for myself what the great world beyond is like. Usually, though, I am well content, for way down in my heart I love the mountains, and I dare say, should be dreadfully homesick for them should I ever go away.

I wish I could describe some of our scenery, but I reckon I better not try, as I am sure I could not do justice to the subject. So I will assure you that it is very beautiful and grand, and that you should come and see for yourselves. I do hope this will not be my last visit, but it all depends upon whether you invite me to come again.—"Carolyn."

Please consider yourself "invited."

Here comes another Southern girl who has been so much interested in your letters that she would like to "belong" to the M. G. R. company. May she? It is only fair, however, to tell you now that you cannot expect very much of me as I am a country lassie, and still in school, but I will do the best I can.

My home is on the Tennessee river, down in the valley, with mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left of us, mountains in front of us, and mountains towering at our backs. How would some of the prairie cousins like that?

I long to visit other places, and see different scenery, and perhaps I shall, sometime, for although I love my home, I find it dull at times. I think a life in such a place is especially dull for a girl who has no grown up brothers and sisters, as is the case with me. I had a brother older than I, but he died last year.

As this is my first letter perhaps it will be wise not to make it too long, but if I am admitted I will come again and try to write something more interesting.

"JUANITA."

Dear Miss Prudence and M. G. R.'s:—I am just as sure as the world, that if I come in this lovely June day, I shall have to be introduced all around the circle, which has grown so large since I was here before that not one in twenty will remember me.

The cause of my prolonged absence is, that I have not seen a copy of The Blade for ever and ever so long, and so did not know what was "doing" among the members of the M. G. R., but I am now in a position to do better.

You see I am just the same as ever—always needing to try to "do better"—but Miss Prudence learned long ago that there are many more of my kind in the world, than of "angels in disguise," for, surely, one in her position learns much that is not in books.

I was especially interested in the letter from "Indiana Wabash," and I have an idea that we are not very distant neighbors. Did you spend the Fourth at that little college town? I did, but did not wear my M. G. R. badge. I wish I had done so, for you might have recognized it.

I live in Illinois, but only three miles from that little town. If you care to know more, ask Miss Prudence for my address and write to me. I may not know you, but I have very many friends who have attended school there.

"LITTLE MY."

USEFUL HINTS.

For those who do not take ice, the best way to keep milk or water cool in summer, is to place the liquid in a perfectly clean, glass jar; wet a long strip of muslin in as cold water as you can find, and wrap this strip around the jar, covering it completely with two or more layers of the cloth, except over the mouth where one thickness will be enough, and will allow the air to pass through. Place the jar so prepared in a darkened room where there can a current of air pass. If the day is very warm, wet the cloth occasionally as it dries.

If you have ice, but no ice water connection with your filter, place a glass jar filled with broken ice in the center of a large, earthen jar, which is then filled with filtered water. In this way you will have ice water to drink, with none of the unpleasant effects of placing the ice directly in the water.

To remove grease off a carriage wheel from a silk or woolen garment rub the soiled places thickly with magnesia and hang the garment away for a day or two, if possible. Shake the powder off and rub the spots with a piece of flannel, to remove all traces of the powder, and the grease will be gone also. If one application does not do the work, try again.

All know the effect of what is sometimes called "thunder weather" upon milk. At such times if the vessel containing milk is placed in another vessel large enough to allow water to completely surround it, it will greatly lessen the danger of souring.

In hemming a bias ruffle, it will sometimes full up, pucker and act altogether bad; in such case cut a bias the other way of the cloth and the difficulty will entirely vanish. Before cutting such a ruffle, try which bias will sew the smoothest.

It is said that a piece of lime placed in the furnace in the summer will prevent the pipes from rusting. After a rainy day in that season it is always well to build a small fire, with wood, in the furnace and so dry out the pipes.

A pretty way of announcing an engagement was this: At a luncheon given by one of the bride-elect's intimate friends, a walnutshell fastened together with a ribbon was found at each cover. Inside these shells was written a word which at a signal from the hostess was read by each guest in turn, beginning with the lady who sat at the right of the hostess. The words made a sentence thus: "We have today the pleasure of hearing the announcement of the engagement of ——— and ———. If these words are not enough to give each guest a chance, the sentence may be lengthened at the pleasure of the hostess.

One mother who has several boys of her own has this year taken the money set apart for her vacation trip—says a writer in What to Eat—and with it has purchased a tennis and a croquet set to be placed on the lawn. One corner of the spacious piazza is fitted up with hammocks, easy chairs and a couch, with a table where books and papers will be conveniently placed, and her boys and their friends are to have the use of all things, thus providing them with a pleasant place in which to spend the afternoons and evenings.

Parties of young people in the neighborhood will add to the pleasures of the boys, and plenty of lemonade will always be served. A good investment, we think.

THE LAND OF NOD.

Bye, little baby, lullaby,
The cradle is baby's boat,
Close your eyes and softly sigh,
And away, away we'll float.

A sail! a sail! on a sea of dreams
In the beautiful boat called Sleep,
Afar where the silvery moonlight gleams
And the silence is vast and deep.
The boat is here with gossamer beams
And the argent sails are wide-a-sweep,
And we're off for the Land of Nod.

A sail! a sail! through the fragrant dark,
Where the poppies of sleep are red,
You may hear the wavelets, listen and hark!
To the Sandman's stealthy tread.
He is coming to guide the wonderful bark,
And the silvery sails are spread
And we're off for the Land of Nod.

A sail! a sail! and the boat speeds on,
But never a zephyr blows;
The waves and the sky are the color of dawn,
And the foam the color of rose
And the stars above us stretch and yawn,
And the reason no one knows,
And we're off to the Land of Nod.

Bye, little baby, lullaby,
The cradle is baby's boat,
Close your eyes and softly sigh,
And away, away we'll float.

A sail! a sail! and we near the land,
The wonderful Land of Nod,
And the fairies greet us, a floating band,
That skim o'er the velvet sod,
And welcome us there on the golden strand,
Where the wakeful have never trod
In the wonderful Land of Nod.

A sail! a sail! and the boat speeds on.
—Chicago Chronicle.

INDIAN LACEMAKING

"If you had told me a dozen years ago," Miss Sibyl Carter said recently to a friend, "that I was going into the Indian country to start lace schools, that I should have seven of them on my hands within a year, that Indian women would be making lace that was selling to the richest women of the country on its own merits, and that Queen Victoria would be returning us her thanks for a magnificent piece of lace made by a squaw, I should have laughed."

Miss Carter laughs still, but it is with gratification and thankfulness instead of incredulity. In 1891 she was talking with an Indian girl who had attended an eastern school, and she asked her what she had been doing since returning to the reservation. "Nothing!" was the sullen reply. At Miss Carter's impulsive rebuke, the girl flashed out: "Work? work? What work could I do? I live in the woods!" What, indeed, could the women do, those poor squaws, to raise themselves in their own eyes and in the respect of the world?

Miss Carter pondered the question, and finally she gathered twelve Minnesota squaws together and taught them to make pillow lace—"the only thing," Miss Carter confessed, "which I knew how to do with my own hands." When she saw the intense eagerness of these women to acquire some means of self-support, their facility in learning, and their innate artistic sense, she told Bishop Whipple, who had been her steady encourager in the work, that she must have $3,000 at once, that she would take a month to raise it, and that she would then go to Florida to rest. Within a week she telegraphed him: "Three thousand dollars in the bank; leave on nine o'clock train for Florida." Her enthusiasm and dispatch were worthy of her great-great-grandfather, Samuel Adams.

Then Miss Carter took her three thousand dollars and spent it. It went like water; but how much she did with it! She founded six lace schools in Minnesota. She had to patch up an old log cabin and make it habitable for her teachers, and then had to teach them the lacemaking. Her missionary work seemed to begin where that of others left off. It begins with the people who have been left out—the Indian mothers. Other people have taken the boy and the girl and put them to school, but have left the old woman on the reservation—forgotten or ignored her entirely. Their eagerness is pathetic. Women carrying babies upon their backs have walked thirty-six miles to beg for a lesson, and then after taking it have walked the thirty-six miles back. Miss Carter went ninety miles herself through a trackless forest in response to a touching appeal for a school, and there in the dense woods found forty-five women gathered to take a lesson.

Since Miss Carter began her home industries among the Minnesota women thirteen years ago there has been a wonderful change among them. What has done it? Just old-fashioned work, with wages promptly paid. One of these Indian mothers took her own girls when they came back to the reservation from the government schools and taught them lace making. The girls, instead of finding their mother in the miserable tepee where they had left her, found her in a neat cabin, in a rocking chair, working at a piece of lace at $10 a yard; and they were forced to look up to her, and learned from her what the eastern school had not taught them. And the men would come in and say: "How nice it is; mother teach daughters."

The lace is of two kinds, that made on pillows, after the Venetian designs which Miss Carter chooses and imports for them, and the Renaissance lace, done with the needle, which they work exquisitely. It is she who collects the money needed, selects and instructs all teachers, and then sells all the lace. Her strong, brilliant face beams with the joy of it. The prevalent phrase, "the dirty squaw," is never used by a person who has seen the exquisite whiteness of their handiwork, no piece of which ever needs laundering before selling. Can many white Americans say that of their own embroidery and drawn work?

Miss Carter's lace schools, or, rather, cottage industries, now number six hundred Indian women workers in Minnesota and the adjoining states; and in addition she has recently established a school in Honolulu and one in Italy itself. The teacher who undertook the latter school declares humorously that her Florentine pupils are almost as quick to learn as the Indians! Both of these foreign teachers were taught by Miss Carter in her own house. She has been awarded two magnificent gold medals for exhibition of the Indian women's work—one by the Pan-American and the other by the Paris exposition.—Lucy Elliot Keeler in the Advocate and Guardsman.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR JUNE

New Work ..... Buckeye, Jr.
Solutions ..... Pauline.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was a distinguished French naturalist, born in 1759 at Rochefort; he studied the arts of design and painting in Paris, and in early life became famous as a painter of miniatures. Having a love for natural history, he was much employed by naturalists in painting the more rare and beautiful objects in their collections. In 1800, after visiting England and Holland for the purpose of making sketches, he published at Paris, on his own account, a splendid volume which raised him at once to celebrity both as a painter and author. It was a large folio with 62 colored plates remarkable for both their truth and beauty. He was one of the first to use a method of color printing that is now common; that is, to have all the colors on one plate instead of having a different plate for each. His use of gold and bronze in the illustrations and letter press was also new at that time. He died in 1800.

DODE.

2.—DOUBLE ADROSTIC.

X O O O O X
X O O O O X
X O O O O X
X O O O O X
X O O O O X

1.—An offering unto the Lord. (Exodus 30:13.)
2.—A river once considered better than the Jordan. (2 Kings 5:12.)
3.—The father of Lod.
4.—The daughter of Caleb.
5.—A place where David said he would remember the Lord. (Ps. 42:6.)

The primals was a man of Nahor; the finals, a son of Ishmael. C. M. B.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

How many hours from the commencement of the common Christian era until December 10, 1847, at 12 o'clock noon, allowance being made for leap years? And how many weeks?

PERRY CROSS.

4.—HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1.—It was as terrific a storm as I ever saw.
2.—You can nail the banner to the staff.
3.—Anna, will you pin Kate's collar?
4.—We have very fine, sweet peaches this year.
5.—I do not fancy clam enough to eat much of it.
6.—In that car nationality or race counts for nothing.
7.—If you play the viol, etiquette forbids your making a nuisance of yourself.
8.—The Chinese place upon the feet of their daughters, in infancy, pressure to prevent their growth.

HAWKEYE.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell us something about "Somnus?"

E. SUGDEN.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the aeolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze." W. P. E.

Answers to Puzzles of July 13.

1.—Louis Joliet.
2.—Dissipation.
3.—$24. (See Chat.)
4.—Geranium, phlox, petunia, pink, bachelors' button, sweet william, verbena, asters.
5.—During the persecution of the Protestants in France, in the latter part of the 17th century, the dragoons were employed in running them down in the efforts being made to exterminate them. Hence, the word "dragonade" was used in connection with the persecutions of that time.
6.—Thomas Moore wrote:
"As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowerets are springing, no mortal can see;
So, deep in my bosom, the prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee."

Chat.

The solution sent by C. W. to his problem answered today is this:

When I won 1-3 of what my remainder was, I had 4-3 of what was left after losing $15, which was 1-2 of what I had at first; so 3-3 of what was left must equal 3-8 of the original sum. Then 8-8 of what I had at first, less 3-8 of what I had at first, equals $15, and if 5-8 of the amount equals $15, 8-8 will equal $24.

An unusually large class reported at the 'cademy this morning. There were: Mary C. Lawrence, Geo. Vore, "Key," W. P. E., Buckeye Jr., Nemo, Milton, Hawkeye, Pauline, and R. T. Starr.

Mary C., "Key" and R. T. Starr are newcomers, who are very welcome, and are cordially invited to come again as often as they want to.

Buckeye Jr.—If the Schoolmistress made a mistake in your "gender," it is owing to your generous style of penmanship and your readiness to "quit work" when the warm weather appeared. She is glad to see that her recent remarks had the desired effect of bringing you to "class."

MUSH AND MILK TIME.
—From The Country Calendar.

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Stamped 23 JEWELED ADJUSTED It's another is appearance and a perfect timekeeper as well. Equals in appearance the genuine 23 jewel watches that sell for $25.00 to $60.00. Dueber dust proof screw solid silverine case, guaranteed for 25 years both case and works. Big jewels in raised gold settings with locomotive on dial and works. Stamped 23 jeweled adjusted.
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K. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Cozy Corner

COMPENSATION.

Written for The Blade.

While sitting lone in silent meditation,
Did to my yearning soul these questions come;
Shall we e'er receive full compensation
For the tasks our eager souls may have begun?
Shall our desires e'er find a full fruition?
And shall our souls attain the longed for height,
Or, shall we find, with death, annihilation—
A sinking to eternal, dreamless night?

Swift from the waveless sea of silence,
Came to my waiting soul the answer clear:
Oh, weary one arise; take on fresh courage,
Strive ever onward without fear.
It may be that on earth your songs will pass unheeded,
Your name be quite unknown to fame,
Another pass you in the wild, mad race for honor,
Filling the universe with his name.

Press on, and bravely do each duty
That to thy seemingly prosaic lot may fall;
Showing through life such Christ-like beauty,
That you shall serve a rich example unto all,
And when at last thy feet shall pass the portal
Which separates that unknown land from this,
When thou hast joined the numerous throng immortal—
Whose pathway shall, in time, lead on to perfect bliss—

Then with eyes alight with clearer vision,
Shalt thou gather up the broken threads again,
And it may be your task in fields Elysian,
To minister to the wants of men.
It may be that your hand shall guide the footsteps
Of the loved ones you have left on earth,
And songs of wondrous sweetness may be written
Through the inspiration you have given birth.

And when thou shalt have passed to clearer knowledge,
Shalt thou look back in greater wisdom grown,
And view with joy the reaping of the harvest
Generated from the seeds you may have sown.
Then, freed at last from strife and petty tribulation,
Viewing thy past life with understanding clear,
Thou shalt gain, at last, a full and joyful compensation
For the sacrifices of thy aspirations dear.

—EVA CELINE FOLGER.

WANTS FULL PARTICULARS.

Will the readers of the Cozy Corner—some of them, at least—please help a young and perplexed housekeeper who wants to do everything exactly correct, by telling her how they "do" their dishes? Please omit nothing from the time the family leave the table until all is arranged for the next meal. Tell how, and when the plates are "scraped," and all about it.

I know there are ways and ways of washing dishes, and I want to learn the best.—"Betty," Ohio.

HOW TO UTILIZE THE PLANTS.

I do hate to see anything go to waste, and as I have some plants of tarragon growing in the garden, I would like to have some one tell me how to make vinegar of them. I read in many recipes of tarragon vinegar, and so suppose it must be nice, and would like to make some.

Has this vinegar any medicinal virtue, or is it only good as a condiment in cooking?—Mrs. A. H. Shaffstall.

A CALL FROM OREGON.

I would like to know about two things today; first, how can I remove the shiny look, caused by hard wearing, from black clothing? Secondly, can anyone tell me how to make what is called "railroad yeast" for starting salt rising bread, such as was used commonly about twenty-five years ago

In part return for these favors I will say to "A Reader" that I find nothing better for removing grease from cloth and carpets than benzine, but one has to be careful about fire.—M. B., Oregon.

AN ANSWER TO "LOUISE, NEVADA."

While I am interested in all departments of the Weekly Blade, I have no especial membership in either the Cozy Corner or the M. G. R., but having read the letters in both, I am moved to send an answer to "Louise of Nevada," about Mother Shipton's Prophecy. I have a book wherein I paste all special clippings of history, and all personal items that are particularly interesting to me, and from that book I copy the prophecy. This was taken from a paper in 1878, or 1879, and is truly a wonderful thing, for one written so many years ago.

I am in the same dilemma as the "Oregon Bach," of the M. G. R., as I am obliged to do my own cooking as well as oversee my farm work, but, unlike him, I have been married, though my dear wife died in 1900.—M. A. Boughman, Ohio.

The article in the above letter was published a few weeks ago in the Blade, so it cannot be repeated now, though we are very much obliged to Mr. Boughman for sending it.—Ed.

THE OLD QUESTION.

I know the subject has been worn threadbare, but pardon me if I ask, once more, what I can do to keep my boys out of the streets during the long summer vacation.

I cannot find any work for them in this little town where we live, and they are just old enough to get into all sorts of mischief when they are on the streets all day. They have no father to look after them, and I feel as if something must be done to interest them, and shall be thankful for advice.—"Widow," Indiana.

NEARLY SIXTY SAILORS KILLED IN THE HARBOR AT SAN DIEGO

Boiler of United States Gunboat Bennington Explodes.

San Diego, Cal., July 21.—A boiler of the United States gunboat Bennington, lying in this harbor, exploded today and probably every man on board was either killed or wounded.

It is believed that at least fifty men have been killed.

There were on board at the time of the explosion 278 men.

It is believed all of the wounded have been recovered, many being rescued from the water, and they have been taken to various hospitals.

The work of taking out the dead will proceed as rapidly as possible.

As a result of the explosion a section of the upper deck was carried away from stem to stern.

The ship is listing to starboard and probably will sink.

Captain Young, who was ashore at the time of the accident, has telegraphed the navy department, giving the facts so far as known at the present time.

MAY HAVE BEEN SHELLS.

Washington, July 22.—Rear Admiral C. W. Rae, chief engineer officer of the navy, says he can only account for the damage done the Bennington by an explosion of high explosives, and reiterates that there was nothing in the reports to the bureau to show that the boilers were in an unsafe condition. He said today:

"After examining the plans of the Bennington in the light of the dispatches giving an account of the disaster, I cannot possibly conceive how the collapsing of a crown sheet could damage the ship to the extent stated, or have blown people overboard from the deck.

"If there were high explosives in the shell room, just forward of the pump room and forward fire room, and they were exploded by the concussion, that would account for the damage done."

The detailed plans of the boiler room deck of the Bennington show a pump room, a narrow space, just forward of the fire room, and immediately forward of the pump room a shell room.

San Diego, Cal., July 22.—The appalling list of victims of yesterday's explosion aboard the United States steamship Bennington grew throughout the night, almost every hour adding to the long rows of dead in the overcrowded morgues. Fifty-two known dead is the summary compiled at 9 o'clock this morning. This includes forty-five bodies at the various morgues and seven bodies which are still floating about in the flooded boiler rooms and which cannot yet be reached.

Every effort aboard the Bennington today is bent towards reaching the dead bodies beneath the steel bulkheads in the closed and flooded compartments. A fire engine from the local fire department will be utilized to pump out the water which, during the periods of high tide, rose still higher in the engine and boiler rooms. Out of the confusion which followed the disaster and rescue come thrilling stories of heroism and sacrifice. The bravery of the crew was commented on by all who had opportunities to witness the scenes. Men who were badly injured and scalded worked to rescue those who were worse off than themselves, and all the special instances of heroism of the disaster probably will never be fully written.

The self sacrificing efforts on the part of the physicians and scores of nurses were also commented on with praise for all. Every one who could be made useful at the hospital was put to work, and those who could not were asked to return and relieve those who were accepted.

Fireman E. G. Hopp makes the first statement as to the cause of the accident. He says that shortly before the explosion one of the boilers was found to be leaking badly, and the boilermaker was sent for to repair the damage. Before the latter came the explosion occurred. Hopp saw men all about him killed outright, and he himself was stunned for a moment.

The dead will be given a military burial Sunday afternoon at the military reservation at Point Loma. Services will be held at 2 o'clock and launches will convey across the bay the living officers and men able to travel.

WARSHIP A MASS OF JUNK

San Diego Turned Into Big Hospital to Care for Victims.

San Diego, Cal., July 22.—Fifty-two bodies are lying at morgues, on piers and on the deck of a ruined vessel of the United States navy, scores of men are lying grievously or painfully injured in sanitariums and hospitals, and twenty-five sailors are missing and probably have found death in the waters of the harbor, as a result of the boiler explosion on board the Bennington.

The warship had received orders from the navy department at Washington to sail for Port Harford, where she was to meet the monitor Wyoming and convoy the vessel to Mare Island navy yard. Steam was up and everything was in readiness for sailing, when suddenly, and without any warning whatever, the starboard forward boiler exploded with a deafening roar.

The explosion was terrific. People standing on the shore saw a huge cloud of white steam rise above the Bennington. Columns of water were hurled into the air for a distance of nearly twice the height of the spars of the vessel.

It was immediately apparent that an awful disaster had happened on board the warship. The ferry boat Ramona was coming across the bay at the time of the accident. Captain Berteisen, of the Romona immediately gave orders to change the course of the boat and, instead of continuing his trip to the San Diego side of the bay, hurried to the aid of the stricken warship. The tug Santa Fe, which was tied up at the commercial wharf, the launch McKinley, the government launch General De Russey and a large number of other launches and water craft, which were near the scene at the time, also rushed to the assistance of the Bennington and endeavored to lend every assistance possible.

By the time the Ramona had arrived many of the sailors of the Bennington, who had jumped into the bay to escape the scalding steam, had been rescued, and the removal of the wounded, which already had been commenced, was being conducted in perfect order.

Crews of the Santa Fe, De Russey and McKinley and the other boats present lent yeoman aid in picking up the wounded sailors and transferring them to the shore.

At the time of the accident Commander Lucien Young and Surgeon A. E. Peck were on shore. The two officers, as soon as they learned of the disaster, hurried to the water front, where Commander Young immediately took charge.

On board the Bennington were presented terrible scenes. The force of the explosion had torn a great hole in the starboard side of the ship and the vessel was already beginning to list. A section of the upper deck was carried away from stem to stern. Blood and wreckage were distributed over the entire ship, the after cabin and the part of the ship adjacent to the exploded boiler resembling a charnel house. Over it all hung the great cloud of white smoke, which drifted slowly toward the Coronada shore.

The news of the explosion spread over the city like wildfire. At first some of the reports were that over half the crew had been killed. This was later modified, the rumor having it the dead would at least reach seventy-five.

The hurrying of ambulances, hacks and carriages of every description which had been summoned, added to the excitement. Every physician who could be reached by telephone was called to the water front. Within a comparatively short period nearly a dozen physicians were on the scene and attending the wounded.

A dozen or fifteen men were blown overboard by the force of the terrific explosion. Captain Wentworth, who was looking at the Bennington when the disaster occurred, says he saw human bodies hurled over a hundred feet upward. The air was black with smoke, which enveloped the ship. When it cleared away only a few men could be seen on the decks while a number were floundering in the water. A boat was lowered from the vessel's side and most of them were picked up and taken on board.

The shock of the explosion penterated every section of the ship, blood and ashes being found as far as the stern of the captain's cabin. Portions of the upper deck were carried away and great damage was done in all sections.

All the available launches hastened to the wreck, while most of the rowboats along the bay were brought into use.

Most of the dead and injured were taken ashore, where the undertakers and physicians were assembled, the former to take charge of the dead, and the latter to minister to the needs of the living.

The bodies of many of the men taken from the wrecked interior of the ship were mutilated almost beyond recognition. The faces of many were covered with blood and ashes.

Commander Young, as soon as he reached the ship gave orders that the air-tight compartments be closed to prevent the listing ship sinking and that the magazines be flooded to avert further explosions.

Temporary quarters ashore were arranged for the wounded, and sixty citizens volunteered and hurried in launches to the relief of those on the ill-fated ship. Some of the volunteers were unable to stand the sickening sight which met their gaze on the Bennington.

As fast as the wounded could be removed they were hurried in ambulances, carriages, wagons and automobiles to the hospitals. For a long time the hot steam prevented access to the space between decks, where most of the bodies lay, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the last were removed from the boiler-rooms. Several bodies were so tightly wedged in by a bulkhead that the woodwork had to be hewn away to free them. Many of the bodies yet unidentified have been mangled, most beyond hope of recognition.

The boiler which exploded, it is said, was regarded as unsafe. Commander Young stated that during a recent return voyage from Honolulu the steam pressure was kept reduced in that particular one.

When the explosion occurred the engineer was inspecting the boilers as a preliminary to the vessel's leaving port. He was not seriously injured.

Officers and men who were able to assist in the work of rescue acted in a brave and collected manner. Pumps were manned to keep the water from the upper compartments, the magazine was flooded and the men fought their way through the steam into the darkened hold to search for their comrades.

In the worst danger, and when it was feared the ship would sink before she could be beached, the young officers and men stuck manfully to their posts.

Albert H. Ryan, of this city, who was rowing near the ship at the time of the accident, plunged into the water and rescued several sailors.

The ship's inner works are a tangled mass of machinery and she probably will have to be dismantled before her injuries can be ascertained.

Lieutenant Yates, executive officer in charge of the Bennington at the time of the disaster, was in the aft cabin. He rushed out, to be met by a blinding, scalding cloud of steam as it swept the vessel.

"I must have remained seated in my chair several seconds after it occurred," said Lieutenant Yates, "and did not know what had happened. I then rushed out, and the steam, even at the extreme after part of the ship, was so dense that I could not get a breath of air until I ascended the rail.

"As I ran forward I passed one of our boys crawling along on his stomach. There was no time to attend to individual cases, there were so many, and they seem almost like an indistinct memory to me.

"About thirty of the boys were on the fore deck, all badly wounded. I called for men to man the boats and only twelve, including officers, responded. All the rest were injured or had been driven over the side by the scalding steam.

"Although I did not anticipate a great deal of danger from fire from the nature of the explosion, I immediately had all compartments closed and the froward magazine flooded. Afterward the after magazine also was flooded to assure safety. The boat listed sharply to starboard immediately after the explosion.

"As far as can be learned a part of the furnace fell against the boiler, which exploded. It was forced aft, and it is probable that the other boilers exploded immediately afterward and the steam pipes were wrecked, liberating the steam. Every man in the engine room at the the time must have met death."

"The explosion happened at the very worst time," said one of the jackies, "and I can't figure out how I happen to be alive. The engine room watch had just gone below to prepare for sea, some of the boys were up on the forecastle and most of us were down on the berth deck, just aft of the boiler which first exploded."

Commander Young expressed the opinion that there was a weak spot in one of the boilers, but said there had been no visible defects so far as he knew. The men who were injured, including several officers, are doing well. While at Magdelena bay the engineer of the cruiser New York inspected the boilers and he reported that they were in good condition. While the vessel was in San Francisco last year the talk of defective boilers again rose, but no steps were taken to remedy them.

The upper deck, amidship, presents a mass of wreckage. The smokestacks have been blown out of place and the superstructure is bent and twisted in all sorts of shapes. The plates on the side are bulging out and leaks in a number of places are letting in the water. John Turpin, a colored man of the crew, who was on board the Maine when she was blown up in Havana, was on board the Bennington and again escaped injury. He rendered valuable aid in rescuing the dead and wounded.

An examination of the Bennington above deck today did not disclose any great damage. The vessel was covered with a gray coating, the color of ashes. The escaping steam carried a gray colored mud which smeared everything, even the sides of the vessel. There were broken gangways and displaced machinery of a minor character, but no serious damage to the main deck was visible.

It was explained by those on board that the wreckage was all below, but just how serious this is will be fully determined after a thorough examination can be made. This cannot be made until the water has been pumped out and the vessel righted.

Commander Young declined to make any official statement for publication. He said, however, to a reporter today that he believed the disaster was caused by the explosion of boiler "D" on the port side and that boiler "B," while not exploding, had been damaged, allowing the steam to escape.

First Since the Maine.

Washington, July 22.—Not since the ill-fated battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor has the department been obliged to record a disaster to one of the American men of war so fearful as that of today. Engineer officers do not recall when a boiler has exploded aboard a warship of the United States. Mishaps have occurred before in boiler rooms, but with slight loss of life or injuries. A steam pipe on the Concord, which has boilers identical with those of the Bennington, burst at one time, killing two men.

Rear Admiral Goodrich, commanding the Pacific fleet, is sailing from the north for Puget Sound, and if he arrives in time it will be left to him to conduct an investigation of the accident, otherwise the department will pursue the usual course. The next step after an investigation is a court of inquiry if an investigation suggests the necessity for it, and the court recommends what further action should be taken if any.

BOILERS IN POOR SHAPE

But Nothing Was Shown Wrong in Their Interiors Recently.

Washington, July 22.—The Bennington was a three-masted schooner. She was built by H. F. Palmer & Co., of Chester, Pa. Her construction was authorized by congress on March 3, 1887, her keel being laid in June, 1888. She was launched June 3, 1890. She was commissioned for the first time June 20, 1891.

The Bennington's engines were twin-screw horizontal triple expansion. She attained a speed of 17.5 knots on her trial trip. Her main battery consisted of six 6-inch breech loading rifles and her secondary battery of four 6-pounder, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and two 30-calibre Colts.

The Bennington had four cylindrical straightway boilers, commonly called locomotive gunboat boilers. Each boiler was 17 feet and 9 inches long and 9 feet and 9 inches in diameter. They were originally designed to carry 160 pounds of steam, but the last log received at the department shows that the safety valves were set for 145 pounds, and she carried from 135 to 140 pounds of steam in cruising. The boilers were fifteen years old, according to records in the department, but were retubed in 1903-1904. The admiral of the Pacific fleet in October, 1904, reported to the navy department that the boilers were in need of repairs, but that the repairs were not urgent. A report from the engineer officer of the ship received at the department about the same time, was that the boilers generally were in poor condition, but that the internal conditions of the boilers were good.

In May last the Bennington was sent to the Mare Island yard, when temporary repairs were made on her boilers to put her in cruising condition. It is stated at the bureau of steam engineering that there has been nothing in the reports coming to the department to show that the boilers were in an unsafe condition.

As the news of the explosion reached the steam engineering bureau, all the records and reports relating to the Bennington were reviewed by Admiral Rae, chief of the bureau, and later he called upon acting Secretary Darling, when he advised him fully of all the facts pertaining to the boilers of the ill-fated ship.

The Bennington is a sister ship of the Yorktown and the Concord.

SIXTY-ONE ANSWER CALL

That Many Are Present on Benning ton When Roll Is Made.

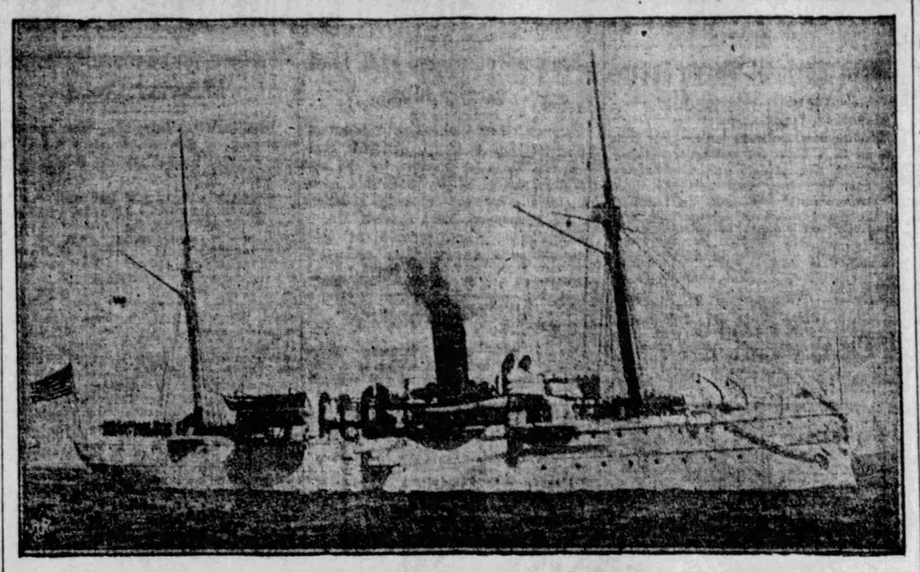
San Francisco, July 22.—Rear Admiral McCalla, commandant at the navy yard at Mare Island, upon hearing of the blowing up of the Bennington's boilers, dispatched Captain F. J. Drake, Surgeon Smith and three of the hospital corps to the scene of the disaster and dispatched the tug Fortune from Port Hartford to San Diego to assist in the recovery of the bodies. So far he has received no explanation of the cause of the accident, but Captain Drake has instructions to investigate the affair and report upon what he can ascertain regarding the cause. If Surgeon Smith considers it advisable the wounded men will be brought here by special train and the Naval hospital is being made ready to receive them. According to the latest advices from San Diego the official list shows 41 dead, 9 victims being as yet unidentified. The list of wounded number 55, 16 of whom, including one unknown, are in a serious condition.

The only officers included in the list of victims of the disaster are Ensign N. K. Perry, who died from the effects of his wounds and Ensign Leo Sahm, whose right hand was scalded. The latter's injuries were dressed by the ship's surgeons and he did not go to the hospital. The city of San Diego loaded a fire engine upon a lighter and ran it alongside the Bennington, where she now lies beached, and it is now being used to pump out the vessel's engine room. As the vessel now lies beached she has a heavy cant to starboard and at least 15 feet of water in her hold.

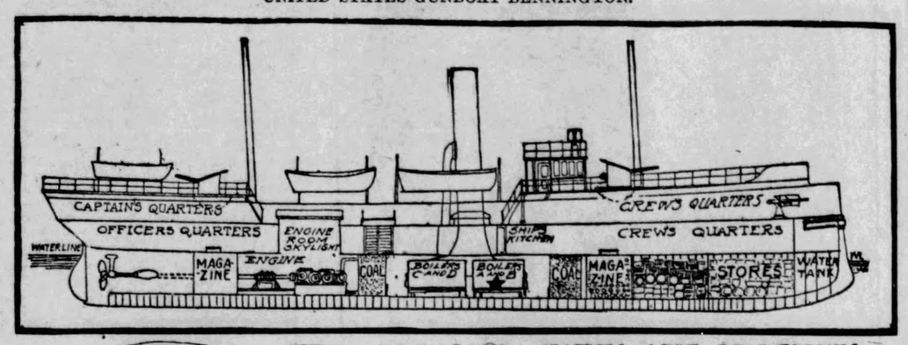
The number of men reported missing at last reports is estimated at from 21 to 25, and it is feared that when the worst is known the list of dead will be largely increased.

A roll call, ordered by Commander Young, on board the Bennington some hours after the explosion showed 61 men present, leaving 136 unaccounted for. These included the dead, injured and missing. Commander Young believes some of the missing men were drowned and that their bodies will be found in the bay.

Warship Upon Which Many Lives Were Lost.

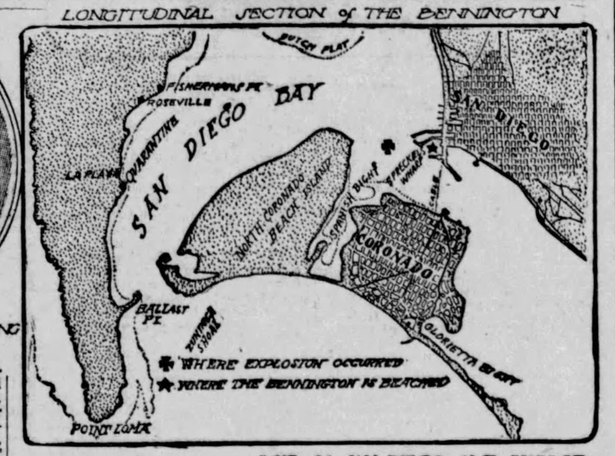


UNITED STATES GUNBOAT BENNINGTON.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION of THE BENNINGTON

COMMANDER LUCIEN YOUNG



MAP OF SAN DIEGO AND HARBOR.

FLOWERS COVER CASKETS

Forty-Seven Bennington Men Are Laid at Rest.

San Diego, Cal., July 24.—Forty-seven of the gunboat Bennington's dead were buried in a common grave in the little military seminary on the crest of the promontory of Loma, high above the waters of San Diego bay on the open side, and within sound of the booming surf of the Pacific on the other, yesterday.

Without the crash of drum or the sound of brass, without pomp or parade, yet with simple impressiveness all honor was paid the nation's dead. They have honored dead to keep them company. All about them lie the people who died in the nation's more trying times. Gravestones, yellow with age, bear the names of men who died at Monterey, in the Mexican war; others who gave up their life in the conquest of California and who followed Commodore Stockton at old San Pasqual. These are their neighbors in death.

Army and navy paid their last tributes no less sincere than the simple grief of the representatives of peace, who made the long journey around or across the bay. From Fort Rosecrans the One Hundred and Fifteenth company, Coast Heavy Artillery, from the city of San Diego the naval reserves, from the Universal Brotherhoods' home on Point Loma a company of khaki-clad soldiers, and from the government ships a dozen sailors. But the most impressive body of mourners were the fifty-two men from the battered Bennington. Besides these there were hundreds of civilians, who, unthoughtful of the fatiguing journey from the city, brought their offerings of flowers to lay upon the grave.

Thousands filed through the morgues Sunday morning with arms filled with flowers, dropping the blossoms here and there upon some unfortunate's flag-draped coffin. Other thousands gathered in the plaza, whence the procession of coffin-laden wagons was to start.

Promptly at noon the long line of vehicles began the long journey around the bay to the burial place. There were no bands of music to stir the people with doleful melody—everything was quiet and businesslike. The task was too big to be hampered by any usages of ordinary funerals. Every casket bore a beautifully executed wreath of asparagus ferns, white carnations and immortelles, sent by the San Diego commercial bodies. Everyone of the plain black-stained caskets was draped with the national emblem.

From noon until 3 o'clock these dead-burdened wagons toiled towards the burying grounds, and not until half past four was the last casket placed in the long trench.

The deep trench in which the bodies were placed, in two rows, feet to feet, is sixty feet long and fourteen feet wide. It was finished but a few minutes before the arrival of the first load of bodies. Around it were drawn up in long lines the artillery company from the fort, seventy-five strong, on the south; the naval reserves, bearing armsful of flowers, on the north; the Bennington's survivors on the east, and the Universal Brotherhood on the west.

Without a moment's delay the work of lifting the coffins from the wagons and ranging them in the trench was carried on. Shipmates from the Bennington performed this sad duty. Squads of six came forward from their ranks in rapid succession, lifting the caskets gently, entered the trench at the head, and deposited the bodies as directed by Lieutenant Tobin, who directed them. The board placed at the head of each body was properly marked and numbered. In just one hour and fifteen minutes the last body had been deposited in the trench.

Rev. J. H. Richie, rector of St. Paul's, read the Episcopal burial service, the Twenty-first psalm and repeated the Lord's prayer. He closed his impressive duty by casting a handful of earth upon the coffins. Venerable Father A. D. Ubach, of the Catholic church, attended by two censor bearers, then stepped forward. In a rich and resonant voice he read the service of the dead and blessed them with water and incense.

"Attention," came the command in sharp tones from the big sergeant in command of the artillery company. There was a rapid concerted movement along the double file of soldiers at the head of the grave. Another command and every gun was pointed over the long rows of caskets. In quick succession, three sharp volleys were fired. Out of the ranks stepped a bugler, and with impressive distinction stepped forward and "Taps" sounded out far over the bay.

Monument to Be Raised.

San Diego, Cal., July 24.—While the government will place stones over the graves of the Bennington victims buried at Fort Rosecrans, the people of San Diego purpose to give them a memorial in a more conspicuous locality. The plan is to erect a handsome monument, suitably inscribed, in the City park. The Naval reserves have started a subscription in this behalf and already a considerable sum has been pledged. It is not doubted that ample funds will promptly be raised to carry out the patriotic undertaking in a fitting manner.

President Is Shocked.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 22.—President Roosevelt was shocked greatly at the news of the disaster to the gunboat Bennington in the harbor of San Diego, Cal. Beyond expressing his profound regret, he chose, however, to reserve expression on the matter until he should have received complete details.

MEDALS FOR EXHIBITION

Portland Fair Arranges For Choosing the Best Displays.

Portland, Ore., July 20.—Rules and regulations for the appointment of an international jury of awards for the making of awards on exhibits at the Lewis and Clark exposition were approved today by the Oregon exposition committee making them operative. Four classes of awards are provided for, viz: Gold medals, silver medals, bronze medals and certificates of honorable mention. In addition, the code provides for a diploma of highest award, which will be assigned to exhibit articles of vastly superior nature. Examining jurors will be selected from among government officials, state commissioners and foreign representatives and none on this jury will be allowed to compete.

There are 3,000 exhibitors at the fair, and a majority of these have already applied for competition slips, enabling them to compete for awards. The jury's work as provided by the code, will commence August 15.

BALFOUR WILL REMAIN IN

British Government Decides Not to Resign Following Defeat.

London, July 22.—The dispatches indicating that the British government decided at yesterday's cabinet meeting not to resign are definitely confirmed. The advisability of an autumn dissolution is still under consideration by the cabinet, but it seems that the majority of the ministers are opposed to it, especially now that the chief government whip has received assurance there will be no further slackness in attendance by the absentees who were responsible for Thursday's defeat of the government.

BOILERS ARE TO BLAME

Captain Drake Does Not Believe Rae's Theory

San Diego, Cal., July 24.—Captain F. J. Drake, of the Mare Island navy yard, who was ordered here by the navy department immediately after the explosion of the Bennington, has consented to make a statement, the first he has made for publication regarding the catastrophe.

He was asked if he had read the opinion of Rear Admiral Rae, chief engineer of the navy, as telegraphed from Washington concerning the cause of the explosion.

"Yes," he replied, "I have read it. It is of course, based upon supposition. I can state there were no high explosives on the Bennington, and therefore the theory of high explosives as the cause is disposed of. The accident was due to the boilers, the exact nature of which has been fully and correctly described by Captain Young.

"It was one of those unfortunate accidents that may occur at any time, and for which no satisfactory explanation can be made. Accidents will occur in spite of every precaution that may be taken. Railroads have accidents, yet they neglect no precaution."

"But captain, is not the explosion of a boiler in a naval vessel a very unusual accident?" was asked.

"Yes, it is unusual, very unusual, indeed," he replied.

Captain Drake says that he believes the Bennington will be floated within a short time, probably within 24 hours.

"We are making rapid progress in pumping out the water, using a centrifugal pump. From what we know at present there is no serious damage to the hull. The water came in through the blowpipes at the bottom, which were broken off when the boilers were displaced. These can be repaired without great difficulty when the water is cleared from below."

Captain Drake, like Commander Young, believes the missing, now given as sixteen, were drowned.

"These missing men," he said, "were undoubtedly blown into the water and were too badly injured to help themselves. I do not think any of the missing men have taken advantage of the conditions to desert, as has been suggested by some persons."

A careful compilation of casualties has been made and is as follows:

Buried in military cemetery at Fort Rosecrans, 47; dead now in morgue, 10; dead in fire room of Bennington, still unrecovered, 2; total dead, 59. Injured at various hospitals, 50; missing, 16. Grand total, 105.

Of the injured at hospitals seven or eight are expected to die. Forty-nine bodies were taken to the cemetery, but two were brought back upon telegraphic orders for shipment which reached here after they had been started for the cemetery.

Ensign Perry's body has been embalmed and will be shipped to Annapolis.

JONES' BODY AT HOME

Simple Services Held In Honor of Great Commander.

Annapolis, Md., July 24.—In a simple brick vault in the grounds of the naval academy, lie the remains of John Paul Jones. With the simple ceremony attending the landing of the body from the cruiser Brooklyn, the naval expedition authorized to accomplish its transfer from the Paris cemetery, which has been its place of repose for more than a century, is completed. The formal national reception of the body with appropriate exercises is reserved until it shall be placed in the splendid naval chapel now being erected near the site of the temporary vault.

The work today consisted of the removal of the body from the Brooklyn to the naval tug Standish, from that to a float moored to the shore, where stalwart jackies placed it in a hearse, which was escorted by an imposing cortege of marines, jackies and midshipmen, in which the French nation participated with a landing party of officers and men from the French cruiser Jurien De La Graviere. At 8 o'clock, just as a thunder shower had spent its fury the guns of the Brooklyn boomed a salute to Rear Admiral Sands, superintendent of the naval academy. The shore batteries replied, and as they did so, the naval tug Standish, in command of Lieutenant Wiley cast off and proceeded to the Brooklyn, lying five miles off. The saluting batteries were kept busy, as the French cruiser followed the Brooklyn's shore salute with a similar one, the shore again making answer. The French cruiser then saluted Rear Admiral Sigsbee and received a return. Then Rear Admiral Davis, commanding the four battleships which lay in line opposite the four cruisers of the expedition fleet, saluted Rear Admiral Sigsbee and received a reply.

The unsheathed sword of John Paul Jones, now the property of Commander Nicholson, of the cruiser Tacoma, was laid on the coffin under constant guard of a marine.

Rear Admiral Sigsbee and his ship officers came aboard the tug and the start for the shore was begun. The tug took its course down between the two columns of cruisers and battleships, and as it was making this run minute guns from every ship gave the 15-gun salute. As the body was being transferred the marines of the squadron constituting one battalion and two battalions of jackies were sent ashore in small boats towed by launches. These reached shore first and formed an imposing guard drawn up in double line on the sea wall of the basin of the naval academy. The Standish landed at a barge over which an arch of American and French flags had been designed. A hearse, drawn by four black horses was in waiting, on either side of which were the honorary pallbearers, on the right side being Rear Admiral Sands and Captains Tilley and Reeder, of Admiral Sigsbee's fleet on the left was Captain Gervis, of the French cruiser, and Rear Admiral Davis and Captain Taussig. At the extreme right of the line was the naval academy band, which rendered Chopin's funeral march as the body was placed in the hearse by the eight stalwart jackies, who bore it aboard the Brooklyn at Cherbourg.

When the procession began to move a shore battery fired minute guns to the number of fifteen. The route of the march was along the road by the Athletic field and Maryland avenue, to a point opposite the Hernon monument, practically in the center of the academy grounds. Around the vault a huge square was formed on three sides by the sailors and marines, the fourth being occupied by the hearse and midshipmen.

As the car was moved to the vault the band played a funeral march. After it had been placed in position, a squad of marines fired three volleys and taps were sounded by the buglers. The cortege was then dismissed, the entire exercises on shore having occupied 40 minutes. Rear Admiral Sigsbee was in command of the exercises ashore and afloat. Rear Admiral Sands, superintendent of the Naval academy, made all the shore arrangements.

FUNSTON TO PAY $31.55

General's Father Fined for Carrying Concealed Weapon and Disturbance.

Iola, Kas., July 19.—E. H. Funston, former congressman from this district and father of General Frederick Funston, was today in police court found guilty of disturbing the peace and with having carried concealed weapons.

He was fined $5 on each charge, and the costs of the suits were charged against him, making a total of $31.55.

DANIEL LAMONT IS DEAD

Former War Secretary Victim of Heart Disease.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 24.—Colonel Daniel Scott Lamont, who was secretary of war during the administration of President Cleveland, died suddenly at his home at Millbrook, Dutchess county last night at 9:15 o'clock. Heart failure was the cause of death.

Colonel and Mrs. Lamont were out driving in the afternoon and Colonel Lamont appeared to be enjoying the best of health. After dinner he complained of feeling ill and Dr. Stewart, of New York, who is a guest at the house, immediately went to his aid. The physician diagnozed the case as an attack of heart failure, and in spite of the heroic treatment, Mr. Lamont passed away within half an hour.

At his deathbed were Mrs. Lamont and two daughters, Frances and Bessie. Several guests at the Lamont home were also present when the end came.

Daniel Scott Lamont was born at Cortlandville, N. Y., on February 9, 1851. He began life in journalism and from 1885 to 1889 was private secretary to President Cueveland, by whom he was appointed secretary of war on March 6, 1893. Mr. Lamont was vice president of the Northern Pacific railway and a director and trustee in many railroad and financial corporations. He leaves a widow and two daughters. He was a member of many New York clubs.

The funeral of Colonel Lamont will be held on Wednesday at an hour to be decided on later. Late last night a telegram was sent by the family to Grover Cleveland announcing Colonel Lamont's death, and asking the former President to come to Altamont, the Lamont estate at Millbrook, as soon as possible.

Washington, July 24.—The war department took cognizance of the death of former Secretary Lamont today by issuing the following order:

"War Department, Washington, July 24, 1905.

"The acting secretary of war announces with deep sorrow the death of the Honorable Daniel Scott Lamont, which occurred the 23d inst. at his residence at Millbrook, in Dutchess county, N. Y.

"Mr. Lamont was secretary of war during the second administration of President Cleveland, from 1893 to 1897, a period of great activity in the administration of the war department. The services rendered by Secretary Lamont were of the greatest importance to the efficiency of the military establishment and his interest in the welfare of the officers and men in the army did not cease with his retirement from public office, but continued unabated to the end of his life.

"He was a gentleman of broad and varied culture; of exalted personal character, of quick discernment in public affairs and of very great administrative ability, whose constant and kindly interest in the welfare of the army strongly attached him to those with whom he was associated in the conduct of military affairs.

"As a mark of respect to his memory, it is ordered that the flags at all military posts be displayed at half staff on the day of the funeral.

"ROBERT SHAW OLIVERTT,
"Acting Secretary of War."

MIND ALMOST WRECKED BY DESERT'S TRIALS

Goldfield, Nev., July 21.—A story of awful suffering on the burning sands of Death Valley, ending in two deaths from thirst and exhaustion and the wrecking of a mind, has been brought here. The latest victims of the treacherous waste on which so many have given up their lives in the quest for gold were Earl Weller and E. M. Titus, formerly of Telluride, Colo., members of a party of prospectors who with John Mullen started from Rhyolite June 20 on a trip through the Funeral mountains. Mullen was taken into Rhyolite Sunday by an Indian. The prospector was in a pitiable condition, his mind deranged and his health completely shattered by the ordeal through which he had passed.

Not until yesterday was Mullen able to give a lucid account of his experience on the terrible trip. His story, briefly, is as follows:

"We left Rhyolite the morning of June 20. After six days on the desert we found ourselves lost and in sore straits for water for ourselves and our pack animals. The heat was intense, and our sufferings were almost beyond endurance. On the night of the 26th we found a place that gave indications of water.

"After digging a hole several feet in the sand we secured enough of the precious stuff to give temporary relief. That night we camped there, and next morning Weller started out in search of some landmarks that would give us an idea as to where we were. He also hoped to find watering places.

"We waited several days for him to return, and then Titus went out in search of him. For several days I was alone in camp, others of the party having separated from us. At last I determined to go in search of my friends, as the supply of water we had secured was entirely gone. How I managed to reach camp I cannot tell. For days and days I wandered about, occasionally meeting with other prospectors, who invariably shared with me their precious supply of water.

"Finally I was directed toward Rhyolite and decided to undertake the trip myself. After two days of tramping in the fearful heat and with only a canteen of water to relieve occasionally my burning thirst, I had practically given up when I met an Indian, who brought me to Rhyolite. The awful sufferings I endured I can never describe. I would not undergo them again, however, for all the gold in the state of Nevada."

Mullen is gradually improving and will be all right again in a few days. Nothing has been heard from either Weller or Titus, and it is considered certain they have perished.

JOHN D. HAS THE BLUES

Richest Man in the World Hungers for a Sympathetic Word.

Cleveland, July 21.—John D. Rockefeller thirsts for sympathy, hungers for a kind word. With his uncounted millions and his mastery of men, his lifelong ambition gratified and no more worlds left for his mercenary conquering, the richest man in the world sits by the hour at Forest Hill, his chin sunk on his breast, or walks for miles under the trees of his magnificent estate, always alone except for his guards, who keep at a distance from him, always in gloom.

He has lost interest in golf. He has become morose; never free in his conversation with his employes, he now speaks only when absolutely necessary, and then gives his directions tersely and absently.

His greatest interest now is in his press clipping bureau, which is known to be a system perfected as highly as those maintained for the benefit of kings.

The flood of printed denunciation recently let loose upon him exercises over him a fascination which he cannot escape, though the inevitable consequence be humiliation and heart burning. The latest Tarbell article, made public Wednesday, was no exception. Every word, from the author's imputation that his wealth had besmirched charity and education wherever it had touched them, to the unsparing autopsy of his physiognomy and the verdict of it showed "the oldest man in the world—a living mummy," was read by her subject with avidious curiosity. The last sentence, it is said, was punctuated with this exclamation:

"Thank the Lord, it's her last."

So when David E. Howatt, the long trusted superintendent of the oil king's grounds, said: "Sympathy—that's what Mr. Rockefeller wants — it's what he yearns for day after day," he knew what he was talking about.

MILLIONS ON SECRET TRIP

Four Carloads of Gold Rushed Across Country Without Notice.

Philadelphia, July 21.—A pile of gold worth nearly $5,000,000 has been stored in the vaults of the United States mint. The bullion was brought from Seattle on four express cars. Each car was guarded on its long journey by detectives with loaded rifles ever by their sides. So secretly was the precious metal transported that no one except employes of the express companies knew of its transfer. Curious persons who asked questions were told by the guards that the cargo consisted of "fast horses."

LEAVES FORTUNE TO GIRL

Adopted Daughter of an Iowa Woman Will Receive $165,000.

Des Moines, Ia., July 21.—Through the recent death of Mrs. Jane Martin, of Nevada, Ia., Miss Pearl Martin, an adopted daughter, has fallen heir to a fortune of $165,000.

Miss Martin is 16 years of age. She was adopted very early in life, her parents being poor. The total value of the estate left by Mrs. Martin is placed at $250,000, one-third of which goes to the husband. Efforts have been made by relatives of the deceased woman to find a will. None has been found, however, and probably will not.

GRAND JURY TAKES IT UP

Will Investigate the Alleged Jugglery of Cotton Crop Figures.

Washington, July 24.—The grand jury of the District of Columbia has taken up the allegations that there has been jugglery in the cotton crop statistical reports of the department of agriculture with a view to possible indictment or indictments. This action is the immediate result of the recent disclosures in the department which culminated in the dismissal of Edwin S. Holmes, the associate statistician.

The announcement that the grand jury is to consider the subject was made in a statement issued by United States District Attorney Morgan H. Beach.

DEFENDS THE OIL KING.

University President Says Attacks on Rockefeller Are Unwarranted.

Wellington, O., July 24.—President George B. Rogers, Ph. D., of Baldwin university, Berea, O., during his discourse at the M. E. church here last evening, took occasion to speak of Miss Tarbell's attacks on John D. Rockefeller, characterizing them as unwarranted and saying that in slinging mud she shows that she has really nothing upon which to found her accusations. She shows this especially, he said, in her attacks on his personal appearance.

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EMPERORS TALK PEACE

Meet In Baltic Sea During Yacht Cruises.

Berlin, July 24.—The foreign office here is advised that a meeting between Emperor William and Emperor Nicholas took place early today off the Swedish coast, near the Island of Bjoerkoe.

Emperor Nicholas wrote to Emperor William several days ago that if, during the latter's yachting in the Baltic, he should approach the Russian shore he (Emperor Nicholas) would be pleased to meet him. The German emperor replied that he would be glad to cruise to any convenient point and the Island of Bjoerkoe was suggested. It was understood that the conversation was to be entirely personal and intimate and therefore no minister from either government was to be present, although the Russian minister of marine is in Emperor Nicholas' suite.

The meeting is a sequence to the correspondence that has been going on between the two emperors concerning peace, in which Emperor William urged Emperor Nicholas to take steps toward peace. Emperor William was then co-operating with President Roosevelt in seeking to bring the belligerents to a discussion of the terms of peace and in the present meeting, it is authoritatively stated, Emperor William will continue to advise peace, should the Russian emperor ask for his further views, and it would be very natural that Emperor Nicholas should do so as a development of the correspondence which has already taken place.

Emperor William went to the meeting prepared to say, if he were asked, that he thought Emperor Nicholas could attain a full understanding and reconciliation with the discontented portions of his people only through reforms. The German government is interested in having the neighboring country peaceful and prosperous, for it is toward the Russian empire that Germany's manufacturers look for great trade expansion in the future.

The German emperor is most reluctant to have either the Russians or others think that he is volunteering suggestions regarding the internal affairs of Russia. He is not doing so, but will only give his personal views on their being asked for. Emperor William has the fullest information regarding the Russian situation and may be able to give Emperor Nicholas statements of fact and deductions from them that are unknown to the Russian emperor.

So far as the rumors in other capitals that a scheme is afloat to combine several of the powers in giving Russia moral support against Japan in the negotiations soon to be open at Portsmouth, N. H., concerning Germany they are denied explicitly. Germany's policy of noninterference it is often declared remains the same.

ARE SHORT OF SUPPLIES

Japanese Finally Captured Russian Works.

Tokio, July 21.—A special telegram from Otarn says that the Russians defeated at Daline were about 500 strong with six field and three machine guns, and taking the fullest advantage of the topographical character of the district, offered the most desperate resistance. The Russian positions were hidden among a thick forest, and it was impossible for the Japanese gunners to make a correct observation.

The cannonade, however, was opened by the Japanese at 10 o'clock in the morning of July 7, and was kept up until dark. The Japanese infantry gradually gaining ground, closing in on the enemy's line of defense, awaited an opportunity for the final charge.

It was nearly two hours past midnight when the enemy's first line of defense, strengthened by barricades and trenches, was taken. This success was vigorously followed up, but it was not until 9 o'clock on the morning of July 8, that the enemy was driven out of the second line of his defense and victory secured, with trophies of four field and one machine gun. The nature of the ground exposed the Japanese assailants to a great disadvantage and risks.

It was believed that owing to the short supplies of ammunition and provisions the Russians at Sakhalien could not hold out much longer.

Many Russians Give Up.

Tokio, July 21.—It is officially announced that the Russians who have thus far surrendered at various points of Sakhalin Island, number 461, including one colonel and fourteen other officers.

An imperial ordinance was issued this morning authorizing the appointment of noncommissioned officers from the reserve conscripts also converting those of sundry service rank into privates of fighting rank.

Japs at Amur's Mouth.

Copenhagen, July 21.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Codzialan says that private advices received at the Russian capital say that Japanese warships have been sighted near Nikolaievsk, at the mouth of the Amur river. Many of the inhabitants of Nikolaievsk and Vladivostok, it is added, have fled to Khabarovsk.

WITTE AND ROUVIER MEET

Confer on What Scope the Peace Negotiations Will Take In.

Paris, July 22.—M. Witte called at the foreign office today and held an exceptionally extended conference with Premier Rouvier. It was assumed from the length of the meeting that a very complete exchange of views was going on concerning the coming peace negotiations and Franco-Russian interests in general. However, the officials entourage declare that both ministers observe complete circumspection regarding the details of their conversation.

It was pointed out that the report circulated regarding the transfer of the Japanese war loans to Russia as one of the conditions of peace was entirely unwarranted and likely to endanger the prospects of a settlement. Such a transaction would raise a protest from the investing public who subscribed to the loans, many of whom consider that the transfer would be contrary to their interests. They received certain guarantees from Japan and they fear that those given by Russia would not be equivalent.

President Loubet received M. Witte this afternoon at the Elysee palace. The meeting wes devoid of ceremony, and consisted of half an hour's talk in the president's library. M. Loubet and Mme. Loubet later left Paris for their summer vacation at Rambouillet.

PEASANTS FACE A FAMINE

Crops in Several Russian Divisions Are Killed by Winds.

St. Petersburg, July 20.—The crop conditions in several of the governments of Russia recently became worse, owing to dry, hot winds which burn up the crops almost in a day. The most deplorable situation is in the Bogoroditsk district of the Tula government, where the marshal of nobility reports that the wheat, rye and other grains have been practically destroyed by a sirocco. He adds that last year's surplus of grain and fodder has been consumed, that the cattle are without fodder, and that the poorer peasants will soon be facing a famine.

The marshal requests government assistance.

Raise Tobacco Duty.

Christiania, Norway July 22.—The storthing at today's session imposed an additional duty of 10 per cent on imported leaf and plug tobacco with stalks removed.

DEUTRICH HURT BY BOMB

Vice Governor of Finland Is Badly Injured--Assailant Escapes.

Helsingfors, Finland, July 20. — Late this afternoon, two hours after Karl Leonard Hohenthal had been sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor for the assassination of Procurator General Soisalon Soininen, on February 6, an attempt was made to assassinate Vice Governor Deutrich as he was leaving the senate.

The vice governor had walked across the square when suddenly as he neared the police master's office a man on the curb threw a bomb from a distance of 50 paces. The bomb fell short, but the vice governor was blown off his feet by the terrific force of the explosion, which shattered the windows in the neighborhood for a distance of hundreds of yards.

Vice Governor Deutrich was hastily assisted to the police station. He was burned and otherwise injured about the legs and bled profusely, but his wounds are declared not to be fatal.

The bomb thrower was pursued by naval cadets, but escaped.

HIS BODYGUARDS KILLED

Turkish Sultan Has a Narrow Escape With Life.

Constantinople, Friday, July 21, via Sofia, Bulgaria, July 22.—The bomb which was intended to blow up the sultan fell short and exploded about thirty yards distant from his majesty. The latter was at the time on the top step of the flight leading from the mosque. A panic seized the sultan's entourage and the court dignitaries rushed up and implored Abdul Hamid to remain in the mosque.

The sultan, however, insisted on proceeding and entered his carriage with a calmness not usually attributed to him and picking up the reins drove himself to the Yildiz palace amid the cheers of the admiring officials.

The explosion was heard as far as the Pera quarter. Besides the soldiers in the vicinity several horses were killed, carriages were smashed into matchwood and the windows of the pavilion reserved for the diplomatic corps were broken. The pavilion contained among others U. Grant Smith, second secretary of the American legation here, who was accompanied by Captain Smyley, of the United States army. No one was hurt in the pavilion, with the exception of a few attendants who received scratches from flying glass. The force of the exposion also damaged the clock-tower in the court yard of the mosque.

Immediately after the sultan had departed a detachment of cavalry charged down the street parallel with the mosque and from which the bomb was thrown in hopes of finding the author of the attempt who, however, has not yet been discovered.

Although the outrage occurred at 1 p. m. the fact that his majesty's life had been in danger did not become generally known until night when it aroused widespread excitement, as it was the first bomb explosion of this character ever occurred in Constantinople. The majority of these killed or injured were soldiers, who were lining the road near the mosque.

The authorities are greatly disturbed and unable to explain how the would-be regicide passed through the cordon of troops which always bars the roads leading to the mosque so soon as the sultan leaves the palace.

BOUND FOR VLADIVOSTOK

Japanese Movement Seems to Point That Way.

Russian Headquarters at the Front (location not given), July 20.—The Japanese advance from Corea is taking on a more energetic character and is being pushed toward Housan, Nangan and Hasagava. The Japanese seem to have received heavy reinforcements from Field Marshal's Oyama's main army in front of General Linevitch.

A landing of Japanese near Vladivostok would not be surprising, and their operations appear to be concentrating in that direction.

The Japanese advance in the Island of Sakhalin has reach Vladimirovska. The Japanese artillery includes forty machine guns.

TROOPS ARE NOT NEEDED

Possible Now to Transport Gold in Alaska Without Them.

Washington, July 25.—The following telegraphic report from the commanding officer at Fort Gibbon, Alaska, dated July 20, 1905, with reference to information that had reached the war department that the roads in the vicinity of Fairbanks, Alaska, were infested by robbers and that gold dust could not be safely transported, has been received by the military secretary:

"Was in Fairbanks July 20. Commissioner and United States Marshal Perry and Judge Wickersham were seen by me and both thought the highwaymen had been located. Since July 10 no word has been received regarding matter. Captain Gray, of steamer Tanana, a very reliable man, just back from Fairbanks, states that everything is quiet. Gold is conveyed over highway by from twenty to thirty armed men. One or two single men have been robbed and one killed prior to July 10. I have detachment of twenty-one men and two officers repairing telegraph lines above Fairbanks in close call of marshal if needed. He told me on the tenth that he anticipated no trouble, and that one man was doing the robbing. No need of troops whatever. Telegraph line down to Fairbanks."

ALL DEPENDS ON JAPAN

Count Cassini Says Peace Is Up to Mikado.

New York, July 25.—Count Cassini, formerly Russian ambassador at Washington, expresses the opinion that all now depends on the Japanese and that if their demands at the coming peace conference are reasonable peace is assured. Speaking of the Russian representative, M. Witte, Count Cassini said:

"I think this infinitely important task could not have been intrusted to a better representative. He is a man of extraordinary capacity and of the finest character. He knows the far eastern question as few men know it and is a patriot.

"Regarding internal difficulties, Russia has now reached a critical moment in her history, but America has had such a moment; so has France. These difficulties will disappear and Russia will be stronger than ever. They are merely passing difficulties and it would be unwise to attach too much importance to them."

Referring to the Chinese, Count Cassini said:

"I like the Chinese. It takes years and years of worry and trouble to bring them around to your way of thinking, or to induce them to enter into any undertaking, but, once convinced, they are loyal. A Chinaman's word is as good as his oath.

"I speak with all caution and circumspection, but am, nevertheless, afraid that at no very distant date England and America will have reason to regret this war. They may have more fear from Japan competition than from Russia."

Kaiser to Visit King.

Copenhagen, Denmark, July 22.—Emperor William is expected here July 26 or July 27, on a one day visit to King Christian. It is expected that the question of the vacant Norwegian throne will be discussed.

PAUL JONES' BODY HOME

Admiral Sigsbee's Fleet Arrives at Capes.

Norfolk, Va., July 22.—The body of Admiral John Paul Jones, recently found in Paris, as the result of a search inspired and conducted under the direct charge of General Horace Porter, former United States ambassador to France, passed the Virginia capes this morning on the United States cruiser Brooklyn, under Rear Admiral Sigsbee, the Brooklyn having as consorts across the Atlantic from France the cruisers Galveston, Tacoma and Chattanooga.

Off this coast the fleet was met by the battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet in two divisions, the first being under the command of Rear Admiral Evans, and the second commanded by Rear Admiral Davis. The three squadrons approached the capes together, the vessels under command of Rear Admiral Evans leading, and the Davis and Sigsbee squadrons closely following. Upon the vessels reaching Cape Henry, Admiral Evans' squadron, composed of the battleship Maine as flagship, and the battleships Missouri, Kentucky and Kearsarge passed into lower Chesapeake bay at 7:10 o'clock.

Then came the Sigsbee squadron in the following order:

The flagship Brooklyn, the cruisers Galveston, Tacoma and Chattanooga. Following these were the vessels of Rear Admiral Davis' squadron, which entered the lower bay in this order: The battleships Alabama, Illinois, Massachusetts and Iowa.

The Sigsbee and Davis squadrons proceeded immediately up Chesapeake bay bearing the body of Admiral Jones, toward Annapolis, Md., its last resting place, while the vessels of Admiral Evans' squadron said farewell to the other fleets, and proceeded to Old Point Comfort, Va., en route to Lambert's Point, where the battleships will coal. It is understood here that in Chesapeake bay the body of Admiral Jones will be transferred from the cruiser Brooklyn, and placed aboard one of the unper bay lighthouse tenders, which will bear it to Annapolis for final interment on the United States naval reservation at that place. The vessels of the Sigsbee and Davis squadrons will continue to Annapolis to take part in the ceremonies incident to the reception of the body. The ceremonies also will be participated in by the French cruiser Jurien De La Graviere, which was detached from the French north Atlantic squadron, and sent to Chesapeake bay to represent France at the ceremonies attending the arrival and interment of Admiral Jones' body at Annapolis. The French cruiser has been at Baltimore since her arrival in these waters, and will leave that city today to join the American vessels bound toward Annapolis.

PRISON FOR MITCHELL

Senator Must Serve 6 Months and Pay $1,000 Fine.

Portland, Ore., July 25.—United States Senator Mitchell, convicted of using his office of United States senator to further the law practice of the firm of Mitchell & Tanner, of this city, was today sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 and to six months' penal servitude.

Pending a review of the case by the supreme court of the United States, execution of the sentence will be deferred.

Meantime Mitchell will be p ed under bail to the amount of $2,000.

STRIKE OF FARMERS' WIVES

Refuse to Furnish Lavish Hot Meals to Threshing Men.

Shelbyville, Ind., July 22.—The farmers of the county are having great difficulty in getting men to assist in the threshing of the immense crop of wheat because of the fact that it has been reported that the farmers' wives in many localities have banded themselves together in clubs with ironclad obligations not to cook lavish feasts for threshers, as has been the custom.

Heretofore these localities have been noted for their threshing dinners of mutton, veal, boiled ham, toothsome roasts, stuffed turkeys and fried chicken, the women having vied with each other in preparing these meals. They have now resolved that all this bustle in the heated season is vanity and a waste of energy and that the men can get along on hard boiled eggs and cold "grub." Several instances are noted where cold meats were sent to the fields and the men had to eat in the shade of wagons and trees.

Thresher men say that if the women continue to refuse to serve hot meals they will be compelled to provide for their employes, taking cooking and sleeping outfits along with them, as thresher owners in the northwest now do. In that case farmers will be compelled to pay more to get their wheat threshed. The wheat yield in Shelby county is the largest in many years, the yield being from seventeen to forty-three bushels an acre.

SAYS BUSINESS IS GOOD

Paul Morton Asserts Equitable Shows Growth for the Year.

New York, July 22.—Bank Examiner Judson today denied the report that it was James H. Hyde whose check was given to the Mercantile Trust company in payment of a $685,000 loan which stood in the names of Messrs. Alexander and Jordon. It is understood that the state banking department has traced the Alexander and Jordan operations with the Mercantile Trust company back some years and will soon report thereon to Superintendent Kilburn.

Chairman Morton today speaking of general conditions in the society said that in spite of its troubles the Equitable's business for the first half of the calendar year shows a satisfactory increase over the corresponding period of last year.

READY FOR PEACE ENVOYS

Preparations Being Made for Reception of Plenipotentiaries.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 24.—Preparations for the peace conference are progressing rapidly and satisfactorily and by August 5, the day on which the plenipotentiaries are expected to reach Portsmouth from Oyster Bay on board the Mayflower and Dolphin, all will be in readiness for their reception.

The Washington government and the state of New Hampshire are co-operating in the effort to make the surroundings of the conference as suitable as possible and are receiving generous assistance from the people of Portsmouth and the adjacent villages of Kittery, Me., where the navy yard is located and Newcastle, N. H., near which the plenipotentiaries will have quarters in the Hotel Wentworth.

LOAN NOT ON THE BOOKS

Sum of $685,000 Given to Alexander and No Mention Is Made.

New York, July 20.—There is no record in any of the books of the Mercantile Trust company of the $685,000 loan to which Horace C. Deming, president of that company, testified before Superintendent Hendricks as having been carried by the company for five or six years in the names of President James W. Alexander and Comptroller Thomas D. Jordan, of the Equitable Life Assurance society, as trustees.

This announcement was made today by State Bank Examiner Judson, who has been making a regular semiannual inspection of the books of the trust company.

Fish Record Is Broken.

Boston, July 25.—All known records for mackerel and ground fish were broken at T wharf yesterday, 45 vessels landing 1,012,000 pounds. A fleet of eleven mackerel seiners brought in 202,000 pounds of fresh and 1,355 barrels of salt mackerel, while the fleet of 34

HE VERGES ON COLLAPSE

Cotton Scandal Sends Secretary to His Bed.

Washington, July 25.—Secretary Wilson is in a state of collapse, brought about by the strain under which he has been laboring since the disclosures of wrong-doing and bad management in the department of agriculture, and especially the bureau of statistics. He went away last Friday to get some rest, feeling almost prostrated. On his return he had a spell. The secretary is confined to his apartments at Stoneleigh court.

Secretary Wilson will be 70 years old August 16. He has been in the department about eight years and five months. Until recently no one has dared to question his management of the department, because he has had the entire farming interests behind him and has been the most independent

JAMES WILSON
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

member of the cabinet. The production of proof that rascality which the President characterized as "worse than theft" had been going on under his very nose, and that he would not believe it despite repeated warnings, has sadly shaken him.

For several hours yesterday the federal grand jury listened to the presentation of the case against the bureau of statistics by District Attorney Beach, who has been picking up the broken threads left by the secret service agents who investigated the cotton leak. A few witnesses were examined, and the inquiry by the grand jury is now fairly started. It is expected to continue for several weeks.

A rather sensational feature has been added to the investigation by the hurried departure of John Hyde, former chief of the bureau, for Europe last Friday. Hyde left the country the same day that Edwin S. Holmes, Jr., the former associate statistician, took his departure, ostensibly for the west. Hyde is wanted in this investigation, but he got away before he was served with a summons to appear before the grand jury.

In the meantime excitement reigns in the department of agriculture. There is a panic over the intimation that in order to ascertain whether Holmes was the only man who sold crop reports the department of justice will inquire into other bureaus than that of statistics in following up clews. This is what is not wanted.

PREPARE FOR INDEMNITY

Russian Finance Officials Have Plan to Tax Incomes.

St. Petersburg, July 25.—The ministry of finance is elaborating a scheme for the imposition of additional taxes to the amount of $50,000,000 annually. This will constitute a new departure in Russian taxation, the new taxes being imposed principally on the well-to-do classes. The principle of a tax on incomes, and also on inheritances will be introduced.

M. Kutler, assistant minister of finance, who is elaborating the project, says it will be ready to be placed in force in September.

The proceeds of this taxation would be more than sufficient to meet the interest on any indemnity Russia might agree to pay to Japan.

BEACH HAS GOOD GROUNDS

District Attorney Knows Where He Is at in Cotton Investigation.

New York, July 25.—A federal official here said today that all the men upon whom subpoenas have been served in the cotton scandal have made statements, both signed and sworn, in which they tell all they know of the affair. It was upon these statements, forwarded to Washington, that District Attorney Beach caused the subpoenas to be issued. When, where and before whom the statements were made, could not be learned.

"We have ascertained enough," said the official, who declined to permit the use of his name, "to justify Mr. Beach in instituting the proceedings already begun by him in Washington. That the disclosures to follow will be in the nature of a surprise goes without saying."

TOWN MOVED THREE MILES

Valdez, Alaska, Threatened by Flood Is Moved in It's Entirety.

Tacoma, Wash., July 25.—Floods from a melting glacier which threatened to wipe the Alaskan city of Valdez off the map, have led its owners and backers to move the place bodily from its present location a distance of three miles up the bay to a point directly opposite the United States army barracks. With the change in the geographical position of Valde some projects connected with the the enterprise of town building become simplified:

MUCH MONEY FOR INDIANS

New York State Has $2,500,000 to Give to the Iroquois.

Albany, N. Y., July 20.—To devise the best means for distributing $2,500,000 which the nation owes the survivors of the Iroquois Indian tribes in this state, and to study other local Indian problems, Speaker Nixon has appointed a special committee of assembly. The committee will visit the various reservations during the summer and fall and report to the next legislative session.

The large sum due the New York state Indians was derived from the sale of land in Kansas which was given them in exchange for the old St. Regis reservation property in this state. After the exchange was made the Indians refused to go to Kansas and the land there was sold for their benefit. It is probable that after ascertaining the views of the chief men among the Iroquois and their attorneys the committee will go to Washington and consult with the committee on Indian affairs. Another subject to be investigated is the question of Indian citizenship. Many of the Iroquois are prosperous and well educated and there is a growing sentiment in favor of making them citizens and no longer the wards of the government.

STRIKE IS DECLARED OFF

Chicago Teamsters Will Look for Old Jobs.

Chicago, July 21.—The teamsters' strike that has so greatly disturbed business conditions in Chicago for the last 105 days was at 12:30 o'clock this morning officially declared off by the members of the Teamsters' Joint Council.

The men have been ordered to seek their old positions, and it is estimated that less than one-half of them will be re-employed. The strikers have made a complete surrender, and will apply for work as individuals and without an agreement of any kind with their employers.

The action of the Teamsters' Joint Council was taken at the end of a day whose events foreshadowed the collapse of the strike.

Three of the unions had already voted to return to work, if possible, and it was certain that the unions which had not yet voted on the question of ending the strike would take similar action. The council, believing that further effort was useless, decided to call off the strike at once.

The first break in the ranks of the strikers came when the lumber teamsters voted to return to work regardless of what action might be taken by any other union. Last night the department store drivers and the railway express drivers voted to call off the strike and seek their former positions. It is expected that about 60 per cent of the department store drivers will be reinstated.

Today the truck drivers and one or two smaller unions will vote on the question of calling off the strike, and there is little doubt, the union officers say, that they will decide to seek their former places. The employers say that only such men will be taken back as are needed after the nonunion men have been provided for, and that the question of wearing the union button must be left to the individual employer.

The strike has been one of the most annoying, bitterly fought, and expensive affairs of its kind that Chicago has ever known. It originated last winter over the demand of the Garment Workers' association that the firm of Montgomery Ward & Co. refrain from sending out any work to nonunion men, although there was no contract prohibiting such action. The nineteen garment workers employed by Montgomery Ward & Co. went on strike and their places were filled by nonunion men. Four months after the strike of the garment workers, the Teamsters' Union called on Montgomery Ward & Co. to arbitrate the garment makers' strike. The refusal of Montgomery Ward & Co. was followed by a strike of all the teamsters in their employment. The strike rapidly spread to such other business houses as attempted to make deliveries to Montgomery Ward & Co.

About thirty lives have been lost during the strike, and there have been hundreds of assaults in many of which the victims were seriously injured.

Teamster strikers who last night gave up their long struggle against the employers broke ranks today in a stampede for work. The barns of the strike-affected firms were besieged by men who have been idle for months and whose places have been filled by nonunion men. The employers in many cases announced that there were vacancies for only a few of more than 4,000 men who quit. Not more than 1,400 or 1,500 will be reinstated during the next few days. The coal teamsters and truck drivers did not join in the rush for re-employment today.

The order of the Teamsters' Joint Council which authorized the surrender was for all men on strike to ask for reinstatement this morning. Both the truck drivers and the coal teamsters balked at this and planned to hold meetings tonight and fight it out till they can go back to work like union men.

However, the boycott against business houses has been lifted officially by the action of the council and it is expected there will be no more sympathetic strikes of teamsters.

Nearly every one of the strikers at the department stores filed application for reinstatement. In many cases the men were put to work immediately. At one store a number of men who obeyed the order to strike stood in line today and signed applications forfeiting their right to wear buttons of their union exposed. The express companies, which fought their battle apart from the others, are not to take back any of their former employes. Police protection will not be withdrawn for a few days at least, as clashes between nonunion men and unionists are feared when the latter return to work.

WILL SHORTEN THE TIME

San Francisco-New York Service to Be Cut by Ten Days.

San Francisco, July 20.—The Tehuantepec railroad, from Salina Cruz, on the Pacific side, to the Coatzacoalcos, on the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 180 miles, is about completed and it is expected that within twelve months harbor and wharfage for the landing of steamers and the transfer of freight will be finished. The American-Hawaiian Steamship company, now operating a fleet of steamships between San Francisco, Hawaii and New York through the Straits of Magellan, has concluded a contract with the Tehuantepec road for the operation of connecting steamship lines on both the Pacific and Atlantic sides and will use the seven vessels now operated by way of the Straits of Magellan in this vicinity in addition to two new ships about to be built. The company expects to afford a service of twenty-five days by the new route as against the thirty-five or forty days now taken to transport freight between here and New York via Panama and approximately thirty days via American rail lines.

New York, July 25.—The appraisal of the estate of Frank H. Croker, son of Richard Croker, who was killed in an automobile accident in Florida last January, has been filed in the office of the surrogate. As he died intestate his father is entitled to the whole estate. Mr. Croker left no personal estate, and his real property, which consists chiefly of stocks in various companies, and cash in the hands of trust companies, amounts in the gross to $635,138; net, $641,646.

CORN PROMISES WELL

Weather Map Generally Helped Maturing Crops.

Washington, July 25.—The general summary of the weekly crop report of the weather bureau, issued today, is as follows:

Although excessively hot and dry in portions of the middle Atlantic states and Kentucky and Tennessee during the fore part of the week ending July 24, and these conditions also prevailing in the northern plateau region and on the north Pacific coast, as a rule temperatures were favorable. Showers delayed work and caused some damaged to crops in Virginia, West Virginia, portions of the lower Ohio, central and lower Mississippi valleys, Oklahoma and Texas, while rain is needed in New England, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Kansas and generally throughout the plateau districts.

Favorable weather has caused rapid growth of corn, and, with few exceptions, the crop is in excellent condition. Corn is beginning to need rain in Kansas and Alabama, the late needs cultivation in Arkansas and Kentucky, and some was damaged by high winds in Louisiana.

Winter wheat harvest is nearly completed in the principal winter wheat states, and thrashing, which is well advanced, shows grain of good yield and quality in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska, with fair yield and good quality in Kansas. Rains have delayed thrashing in Virginia and Maryland and caused further damage to grain in shock or stack in Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas. On the north Pacific coast winter wheat is ripening rapidly in Washington, where harvesting is in full progress, and harvest is general in Oregon, with good yields indicated.

Spring wheat has continued to advance favorably in the spring wheat region; the early sown is headed and filling well and the late sown heading in North Dakota; the early is maturing in South Dakota and Wisconsin and the crop is nearly ready to cut in Iowa. Although black rust is reported from scattered localities in Minnesota and the Dakotas, no material damage is shown, and, with favorable weather conditions serious injury is not anticipated.

Complaints of smut are received from South Dakota, red rust in Colorado and most fields of North Dakota and some lodging in Wisconsin, while in Washington dessicating winds have been injurious to the crop in the filling stage, and caused shriveling.

In the principal oat producing states harvesting of this crop is well advanced, while in the more northerly districts oats are heading, the early sown are maturing rapidly, and harvest will be general during the coming week. The crop generally is in promising condition, though badly lodged in Ohio, and some complaints of lodging are received from Washington.

Although improvement is indicated in parts of nearly all of the cotton states, it is neither general nor marked. While the staple has grown rapidly, and is generally fruiting well in portions of Georgia, Alabama, Texas and Missouri, complaints of unsatisfactory fruiting are received from the Carolinas, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Oklahoma, and rust or shedding from all sections. Insects are causing considerable damage to portion localities in Texas, but generally no great injury is reported. The crop is opening in the southern portion of the belt and picking is under way in southern Texas.

With the exception of Oklahoma, Kansas and Wisconsin, adverse reports respecting apples are received from all sections. Haying has been delayed by rains in Virginia and portions of the Ohio valley and considerable damage to hay is reported from Oklahoma, Missouri and Illinois. Elsewhere a good crop is being secured under favorable conditions.

IT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS

That's What Odell Says When Asked About Shipbuilding Losses.

New York, July 25.—"If any criminal acts have been committed the criminals should be sent to prison," said former Governor Odell in discussing the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance society.

"Attorney general Mayer should compel the restitution of all profits illegally kept from policy holders." Mr. Odell continued:

"When I recommended unusual legislation at the extra session, I acted as a citizen, recognizing the importance of action of this kind without delay. I believe firmly that the Equitable will tide over its troubles. Its great revenues have not been impaired, and it will benefit the company and insurance concerns generally to have a legislative investigation, so that the policy holders may know all about the affairs of the companies. I believed that such a course was proper when I suggested active legislation, and I believe it now."

Concerning the report that he consented to Depew's re-election to the United States senate only after he had received a guarantee that the money he had lost in the shipbuilding trust would be restored to him, Mr. Odell said:

"That is an absolute lie. The shipbuilding affair had nothing whatever to do with Depew's re-election. I have nothing to add to what I have said about my shipbuilding stock. I bought the stock and paid for it in good faith. Whether I was defrauded and received my money back is my own private business, and I owe explanation to nobody."

TAFT PARTY IS WELCOMED

Hochi Extends Typical Greeting to the Secretary's Party.

Tokio, July 25.—The Hochi, Count Okuma's newspaper organ, publishes a leading article welcoming the Taft party and gratefully recalling what the United States has been to the Japanese since the time of Commodore Perry—an unerring guide and friend.

The policy of the United States toward Japan, the article says, has been an unbroken record of kindly assistance, politically and commercially. In fact, in all departments of the progress of modern Japan, America's help is clearly traceable. Especially President Roosevelt's successful endeavor in bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together, add a memorable chapter to the already magnificent record of America's invaluable aid to Japan.

The paper regrets that the shortness of the party's stay will not admit of an adequate manifestation of the general feeling of gratitude and appreciation toward the government and people to which the distinguished party belongs.

The Hochi's stand is typical of the feeling throughout the empire.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 22.—Bradstreet's says: A widespread hot wave has retarded distributive trade and interfered with manufacturing industry, but has stimulated crop growth and thereby strengthened the outlook for fall trade. Retail trade in summer goods has been benefited by the heat, as has also summer resort business. Wholesale and jobbing trade is of good volume, considering the weather, and compares well with a year ago. Confidence in fall trade is unimpaired and there is a more liberal tendency in placing fall orders. More activity in pig iron has led to a stronger tone and higher prices for that product in leading markets. The quieting in industry is merely of a temporary character. Manufacturing is really more active than usual at this time, and summer shut-downs are not such a feature this year as in former periods. Money has been remarkably easy for this season of the year, considering the nearness of crop moving requirements. Railway earnings are favorable, those for the first half of July showing 7 per cent gain on 1904.

The industrial situation is on the whole very favorable, labor being well employed and especially scarce at the south. The Chicago teamsters' strike has ended in defeat of the men, the cost in lost wages being $1,000,000, while the employers are said to have lost $12,000,000 in the form of increased expenses and diverted trade.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending July 20, number 165, against 166 last week, 190 in the like week of 1904, 183 in 1903, 178 in 1902, and 199 in 1901.

In Canada failures for the week number 22 as against 20 last week and 10 in this week a year ago.

Wheat, including flour exports for the week ending July 20, are 705,329 bushels, against 852,660 bushels last week, 1,281,501 this week last year, 2,781,988 in 1903, and 3,980,969 in 1902. From July 1 to date the exports are 2,608,733 bushels, against 3,572,299 last year, 8,815,182 in 1903, and 12,160,306 in 1902.

Corn exports for the week are 1,193,470 bushels against 834,772 last week, 706,647 a year ago, 1,501,338 in 1903, and 79,611 in 1902.

From July 1 to date the exports of corn are 2,960,467 bushels against 1,894,700 in 1904, 4,428,826 in 1903, and 395,321 in 1902.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., July 25.—Close.—Opening prices of wheat were markedly weaker today. The cash and July declined ⅝c, the September ¾c, and the December ½c. The market underwent a natural reaction following a smart break. Buying was resumed in a small way. The bulls were actively supporting the market, coincident with which came a fresh lot of black rust damage talk. The bears, despite this feature, looked more aggressive and bolder, pinning their faith to the bumper crop southwest. There was apparently no investment buying, the business done being all of a speculative chaarcter. The weather map looked bearish. Cables were substantially lower. Offerings were more or less liberal, following a flood of wheat receipts, the bulk of which were of the new crop.

There was no change shown in the course of wheat during the latter hours of the market today. News continued to be mixed in character, though the pits were inclined to accept that which gave the spring wheat crop the best of it. The bulges, which were intermittent, came from the covering by some of the larger shorts. Estimates were placed at 208 cars; clearances were 10,000 bushels.

Primary wheat receipts were 1,006,000 bushels, against 790,000 a week ago and 930,000 a year ago; shipments were 364,000 bushels, against 394,000 and 302,000.

Corn presented a firmer tone. The opening was steady and unchanged. Later the July moved higher. Weather map showed rains southwest which was wanted by the corn crop. Cables were steady at ¼c decline. Market was slow, few offerings and a scattered demand giving the trade no snap.

The market was pushed upwards easily. The demand exceeded the offerings. Prices rose substantially, maintaining the gains until the end. Estimates were 240 cars; clearances were 112,000 bushels.

Primary corn receipts were 570,000 bushels, against 584,000 a week ago and 635,000 a year ago; shipments were 308,000 bushels, against 358,000 and 146,000.

Losses developed at the start in oats today. There was little demand exhibited and offerings were more or less liberal. Market looked like a scalper's affair with profits the slogan. Receipts were moderately large. Prices, however, showed some improvement by the end of the first hour, feeling the support of the investment interests. The closing was featureless. Losses predominated. Estimates were placed at 108 cars.

Clover seed was unchanged to firm at the opening. Demand was light and scattered. Offerings were scattered. Receipts and shipments were nil. The market eased off towards the end, due to light profit taking.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	July 25 Close.	July 24 Close.
Wheat.					
Cash	87	87	86¾	86¾	87½
July	87	87¾	86¾	86¾	87½
Sept	86⅝	88	86¾	87	87½
Dec	87½	88¾	87¼	87¾	88
May	....	....	....	91	....
Corn—					
Cash	59	59¼	59	59¼	59
July	57½	57⅝	57¼	57⅜	57½
Sept	47½	47¾	47½	47¾	47⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	33½	33¾
July	33½	33¾	33¼	33½	33¾
Sept.	30½	30⅝	30⅜	30⅝	31⅛
Dec.	31	....	....	....	31½
May	33¼	33⅜	33⅛	33⅛	33⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	7.70	7.70
Oct	5.77	5.75	5.70	5.70	5.75
Dec.	5.75	5.75	5.67	5.67	5.75
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	65	65
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.57	1.70
Alsike—					
Aug.	....	....	....	7.10	7.10

* Bid.

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	94¾	95	94¼	94¼	96
Sept	90¾	93	90¾	91½	91⅝
Corn—					
July	63¼	63¼	63¼	63¼	63¼
Sept	61¾	61¾	61¾	61¾	61¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	85	85	85	82¾	85
Sept	82½	84	82½	82¾	83½
Dec	....	....	....	84¼	....

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.10	1.14
Sept	....	....	....	94¾	95
Dec	....	....	....	90¾	91¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.14	1.14
Sept	....	....	....	94¾	95

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	87¾	89	87¼	87½	88¾
Sept	86⅞	88¾	86¾	87	87¾
Dec	87	89¼	86⅝	87½	87¾
May	89¼	91½	89	90	90
Corn—					
July (new)	56¼	57⅜	56¼	57	56¾
Sept (new)	54⅜	54⅞	54⅜	54½	54⅝
July (old)	56½	57⅜	56½	57	56½
Sept (old)	54⅞	55½	54⅝	54⅝	55
Dec	47¾	47¾	47½